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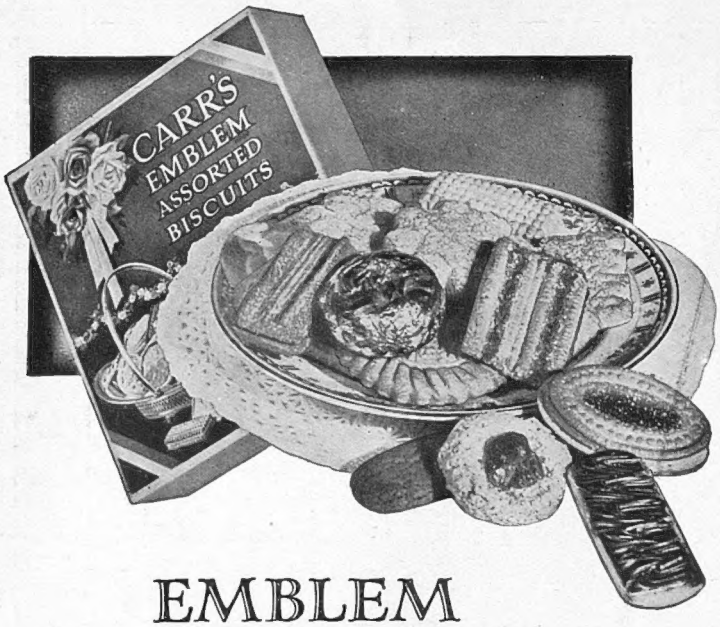

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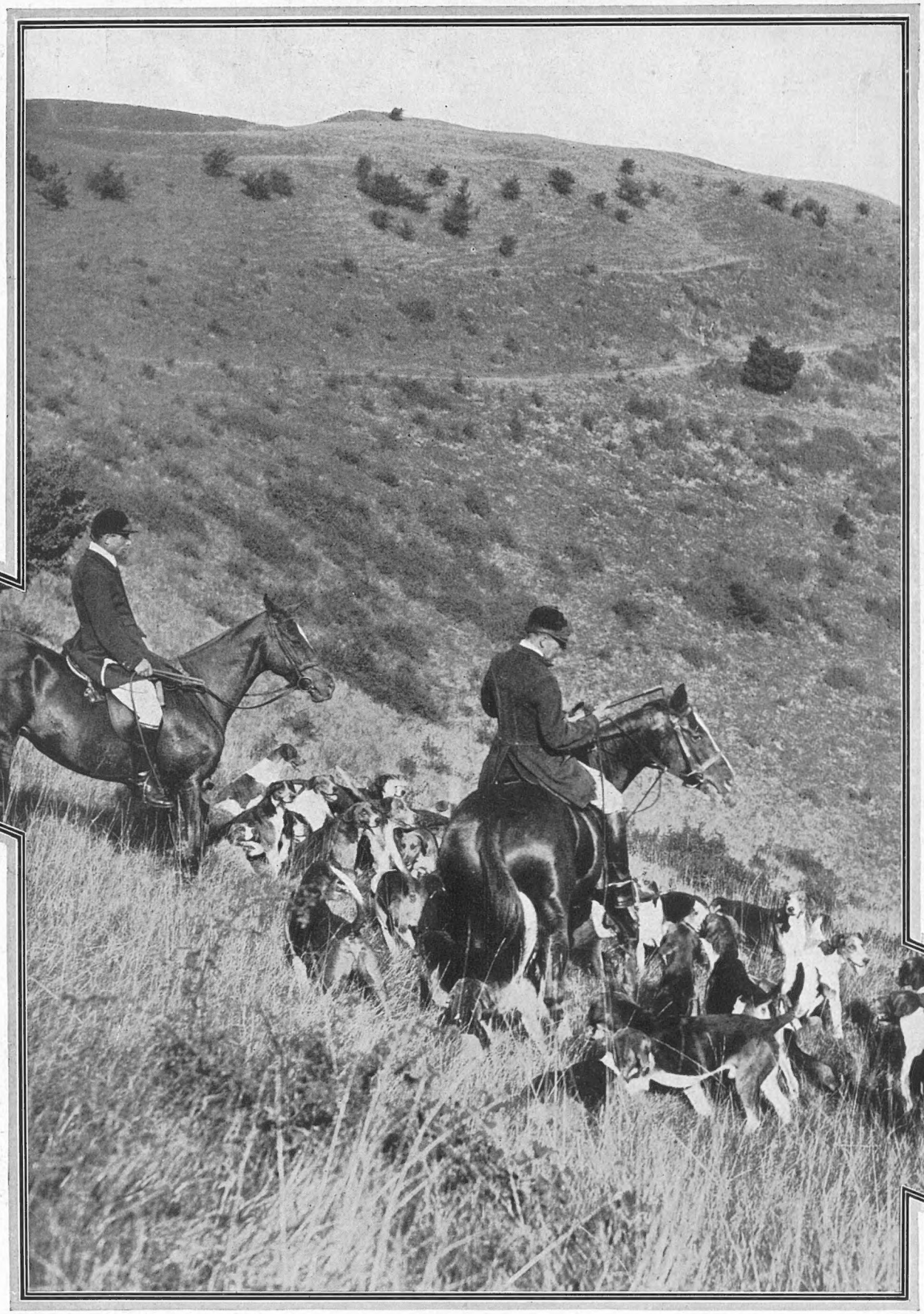
THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE

An exclusive portrait to THE BYSTANDER *from a special sitting given to the well-known Society painter, Mr. J. Percival Anderson. The Countess, who is the younger daughter of the Earl of Leicester, recently gave a dance for Miss Rosemary Mitford at Cortachy Castle*



Central Press

ALL ON A HUNTING MORNING

Capt. W. P. Browne, the Joint-Master of the Portman, out cubbing with hounds. They are seen drawing Hambledon Hill

The Passing Hour

Sport and General

Mr D. O'M. Leahy, whose horse West Wicklow added to the recent Irish triumphs on the Turf by winning the Cesarewitch. West Wicklow, which was specially tipped by "Old Orkney" in last week's BYSTANDER, *won at the comfortable price of 28 to 1 against*

Central Press

The big field approaching the winning post during the running of the Cesarewitch at Newmarket. The winner, ridden by C. Richards, is seen leading Mr. J. B. Joel's Friendship (J. Dines up), which finished second, having started at the odds of 100 to 8 against. Right : Mr Malcolm Hancock, who had the best view of the finish, entering the Judge's Box at Newmarket to judge the Cesarewitch

IT was really a most summer-like Cesarewitch, even though an occasional breeze whipped across the moor to assert its prerogative of autumn. But if the dry weather was ideal for the onlookers, it stirred uneasy qualms in the minds of owners and trainers. I did not meet anyone who had backed West Wicklow (several lamented they had not followed THE BYSTANDER tip), though every Irishman was overjoyed at Mr. "Dan" Leahy's win, and both Irish and English friends hurried to congratulate him. This is indeed a bumper year for Erin on the Turf.

The meeting was exceptionally crowded, rings, paddock, and the new stands being black with people. It must have been something of a record attendance, and between the races the paddock overflowed with famous racing folk. Many, however, who are among the most regular of racegoers in the country were absent in consequence of mourning. Princess Mary was, naturally, unable to be at Egerton House.

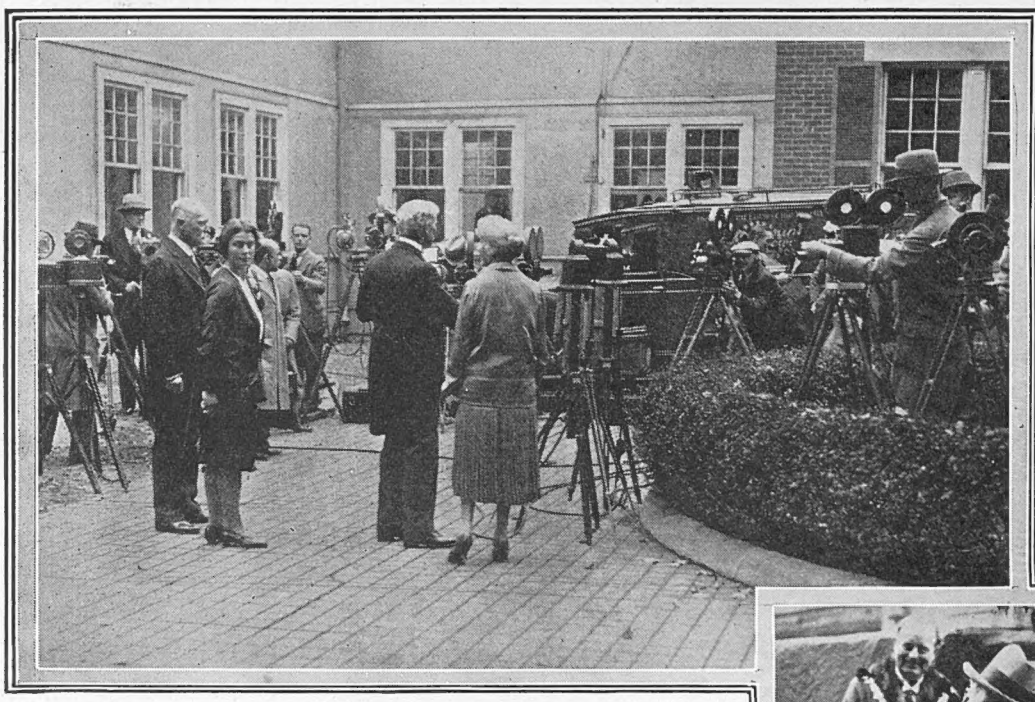
Bookmakers Win their Riviera Holiday

BOTH from financial and sentimental reasons everybody was sorry to see Lady Curzon of Kedleston's horse left behind. I believe the hard going may have been partly responsible for his collapse. Lady Curzon, her black coat and frock surmounted by her favourite collar of white ermine, was with her son, Mr. Hubert Duggan. Although Lady Curzon races continually, seldom missing a meeting, this was the first time Mr. Duggan had been to Newmarket.

Those who will shortly be rejoicing in the advent of the hunting season were to be seen in the Jockey Club stand and the paddock, such as Lord Rosebery, whose tall figure soared above his fellows; Lady Wodehouse, the Marquess of Blandford, and Lady Rosebery. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham Reid brought their shooting party over from Six Mile Bottom, Lord Howard of Glossop and Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Salmond transferring their activities from the butts to the bookmakers for the day. Judging by this year's list of long-priced winners and the fiasco of the totalisator, the bookmakers will spend

G.P.U.

SOCIETY RAGAMUFFINS WANTED FOR CHARITY



P. and A.

The Prime Minister, accompanied by Miss Ishbel MacDonald, with Sir Esmé and Lady Howard bravely face the daily fire directed upon them by a crack American cinema battery while—

Keystone

—at home a lesser member of the Cabinet, Mr. Noel Buxton, the Minister of Agriculture, puts in some steady spade work on behalf of the Government. He is seen planting a tree at the new flats recently opened by the Bishop of Willesden

Lenare

Miss Stella Mary Tennyson Jesse, whose marriage will shortly take place very quietly to Mr. E. A. Simson, of Marykirk, Kincardineshire. She is the sister of Mrs. H. M. Harwood, the well-known novelist and playwright

the winter in rich Riviera luxury.

Full Houses for the Theatres

MORE than anyone else, the theatre managers appreciate the yearly advent of the Motor Show. Traders and agents and manufacturers and those who make the Olympia Show the object of a special visit to Town have already made their presence agreeably felt at the box offices. The arrival of the Motor Show has often turned the wavering fortunes of some piece into an established success. I see that the price of British six-cylinder cars has been brought down to compete with those of American make. If Mr. Snowden would devise some variation of the horse-power tax our motor manufacturers would then be able to build cars with sufficient engine power to compete with their foreign rivals in the Dominions.

Here's Charity Calling

NOW is the time for all good debutantes to come to the aid of charity, or so I thought as I listened to Lady Erleigh energetically appealing to her friends to find some pretty girls who would be willing to dress up as ragamuffins at the Guy Fawkes Ball next month.

With the return of charity balls, youth and beauty are in particular demand to fulfil the innumerable requests for pretty programme sellers. It is so much easier to part with half a crown when the request is accompanied by a lovely smile! Who, for instance, would have the temerity to refuse any appeal from Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, or the beautiful Lady Anne Wellesley, or the vivacious Miss Betty Williams, usually to be seen and found amidst the clan Guinness. Lucky indeed any charity committee that enlists their aid.

Lady Erleigh must have studied, or inherited, some of her father's, Lord Melchett's, ability to control and lead a meeting. She has that energy and command that sweep through the business in hand without being waylaid by unnecessary delays. On the walls of her drawing-rooms I noticed a painting by Lord Erleigh's aunt, Mrs. Alfred Sutro, the wife of the dramatist. I see that at this Guy Fawkes Ball a special room is to be

LORD PRIVY SEAL AND THE CARTOONISTS

reserved for Bridge—a startling indication of how dancing is ceasing to be regarded as sufficient for the evening's entertainment.

Few charity balls have thought to set aside a room for Bridge in the past years, and it would not surprise me to see the dowagers on the floor and the debutantes at the card tables!

Mr. Thomas in the Pillory

I TRUST the French Ambassador did not suffer from headache after attending the first performance of the season of French films at the Avenue Pavilion. They began with such a swift succession of scenes, such polyplastic experiments in light and shade, that one's eyes became painfully defeated in the chase, and came to rest most willingly upon the back of Mr. J. H. Thomas's head and the profile of Mr. Arnold Bennett, both of whom attended the first performance.

Mr. Thomas is being subjected to heavy caricature attack in consequence of his failure to produce a fairy wand with which to banish unemployment. The fact that Mr. Thomas wears a dress suit when he is asked out to dinner so provokes the pen of one cartoonist of Labour sympathies that he cannot draw the Minister of Unemployment without resorting to flagrant vulgarity. Such means defeat their ends. Mr. Thomas becomes the object of sympathy rather than ridicule.

Paintings on Glass

ANOTHER foreign diplomat, eager in the service of his country, performed the opening ceremony of an exhibition of German paintings in the Cottars Studio Gallery, Brompton Road, last week. This was Prince Otto von Bismarck (a grandson of the great Chancellor), a tall man, with a slight stoop, horn-rimmed glasses, and that precise, accented English that usually distinguishes the German from other foreigners. While the pictures by Herr Oskar Hagemann bore slight indication of contemporary German art, those of Frau Hagemann were interesting in that they were painted on glass, a form of decoration adopted from the East, and not, I believe, as mystifying to execute as is generally supposed. In fact, I do not know why it is not more copied over here, for I remember an exhibition of glass pictures at the Cercle Nautique at Cannes some years ago which, although they had been painted by a complete amateur in a few months, gave the impression of being the outcome of years of study.

Priscilla Countess of Annesley, who has herself been occupied with her own exhibition of coloured linen, as well as Mrs. Alec Tweedie and Mrs. Gordon Craig, were all at the Cottar Galleries, in addition to their director, Amelia Defries, who has just returned from the Bahamas, where she went to seek solitude, but only found it when she returned to Sussex. However, she capitalised her quest by getting local colour for a book.

A Great Gentleman

THERE was that in the life of the late Lieut.-Colonel "Freddie" Browning, who died last week, which many of us might reasonably envy.

Lenare

Mr. Kenneth Lampson, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lampson, of Chelsea, and his fiancée, Miss Juliet Brownrigg, whose engagement was announced recently. The latter is the only daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Brownrigg, C.B., and Lady Brownrigg

Keystone

Capt. Basil H. Allfrey, late 9th Lancers, and his bride, Miss Adeline Betty Fox, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. The latter is the only daughter of the late Sir Gilbert Fox, Bart., and of the Dowager Lady Fox, of West Kirby, Cheshire

A STIR IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES

Sport and General

Major J. A. Berners bringing down a high one during the Yellow Labrador Club's Fifth Field Trials. They were held at Woolverstone Park, near Ipswich

Sport and General

Mrs. Jagger and the Hon. Douglas Tollemache, who participated in the recent Yellow Labrador Club's Trials

He had the gift of friendship, a quality so rare that many men pass their entire lives seeking it without finding it. Sir Samuel Hoare, who knew him intimately, has written that "no one ever made more friends or stuck to them more closely when he had made them.

"If you saw him at Queen's you would have thought that the world of rackets was his own particular kingdom. If you went to Lord's, his friends were almost as many as the whole company of members in the Pavilion at a Test Match. If you lunched with him at the Savoy his table was surrounded by a crowd of companions as varied and cosmopolitan as London itself. Friendship was the very essence of his life. No trouble that he would not take for a friend, no sacrifice that he would not make." But it was not only this unselfishness that made him friends—it was his companionship, the wit and character of his conversation that endeared him to so many.

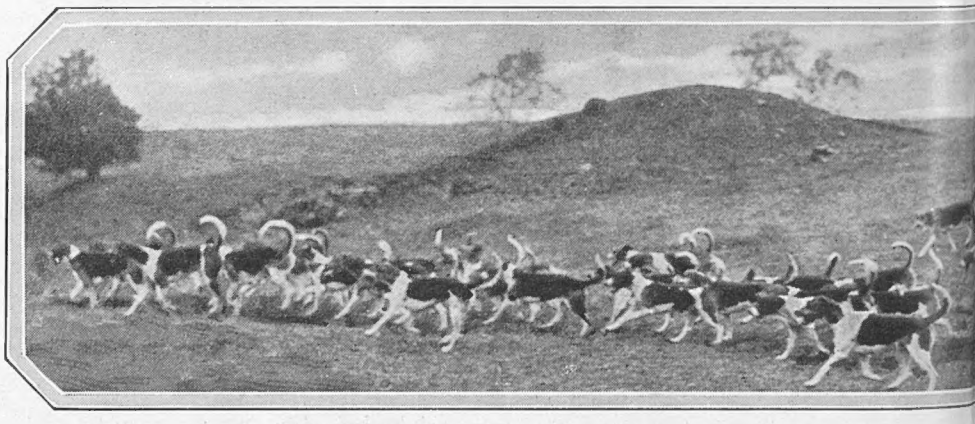
One does not usually associate cricket with America, but Colonel Browning was a member of the M.C.C. team to visit there in 1909, and his prowess at rackets was famous. In many ways he had the characteristics of that spirited, debonair "hero" that one met in the pages of Whyte-Melville's Victorian novels, brought appropriately to mind by the death of Florence Lady Massereene and Ferrard, who has just died. She was the only child of Major Whyte-Melville by his marriage with the daughter of the first Lord Bateman. No one since has written with such fascination of the sporting and hunting worlds.

Discontent amidst the Diplomats

TALK runs in political and diplomatic circles that the Government's choice of an Ambassador to Russia—Opposition permitting, of course—will be Mr. C. R. Buxton, the brother of the Minister for Agriculture and a similar seceder from the Liberal cause.

This discounts the rumours that have circulated about the names of Commander Kenworthy and Colonel Cecil L'Estrange Malone, both of whom have much sympathy with the U.S.S.R. Other gossip that is current behind the walls of the Foreign Office is of Sir Esmé Howard's successor at Washington. Mr. MacDonald is alleged to be considering the advisability of sending as our Ambassador Lord Arnold, a possibility that is certainly provoking a considerable amount of comment among the urbane members of the diplomatic service.

Such intrusion by politicians is resented, because it deprives members of the Foreign Office of the proper reward of distinguished services. Mr. Lloyd George incurred severe antagonism on this account. He appointed Lord Derby as Ambassador to France and Sir Eric Geddes to America.



Parker, the Huntsman of the Quorn, moving off with hounds at the meet held

OUT AND ABOUT IN THE HUNTING FIELD

One of London's Old Inns

A FAMOUS firm of caterers, I see, are illustrating some of their advertisements with drawings of famous old inns. One day last week a reproduction of a print of "The Hand and Shears" in Smithfield caught my eye. Many, on seeing it, probably imagined it was no longer in existence, but only a week before I stepped aside from the hubbub of Cheapside and betook of a deep draught in this very "Hand and Shears." Admittedly, Smithfield is no silent backwater from the City's noise, but the associations of an older London and no sight of tumultuous traffic helps the illusion of temporary escape into a more leisured past.

While I drank confusion to our Prohibitionists, and freedom for honest thirsts, I learnt that the "Hand and Shears" now belongs to the Hon. Henry Lygon, who must be the first member of the Beauchamp family to join the honoured band of publicans.

"Hand and Shears" is an odd name for an inn in the midst of a meat market, but it was built when Smithfield was also a cloth market.

ittle Belvoir, near Melton Mowbray *L.N.A.*

A Piece of Subtle Publicity

I HAVE just received a printed postcard announcing the publication of a new autobiography. On the top is the name of the authoress and the information that she has just completed her memoirs, and then:—

> "Hundreds of People are mentioned in its pages, and you may be interested to know that YOU ARE ONE OF THEM."

If curiosity should bring the desired response to this advertisement I shall copy out the Telephone Directory when I write *mine!* A book written on these lines should get a million sale.

Topical Press

Mrs. A. E. Burnaby, who has been appointed Joint-Master of the Quorn in partnership with her husband. This is the first time in the long history of the Pack that a woman has been associated with the Mastership

Hay Wrightson

MR. H. BUCKLAND, M.F.H.

He is the Joint-Master of the Ashford Valley, which he hunts with Mr. A C. Beatty Junr

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

If The Macnab wins the Cambridgeshire followers of my selections who acted on the advice to wager on the Double,

West Wicklow (Cesarewitch),
The Macnab (Cambridgeshire),

will have brought off a 320 to 1 shot. Here's success to The Macnab!

I remained faithful to West Wicklow and I hope readers benefited.

Here are six more horses to follow:—

PERCHANCE

(Ch. F., by Buchan—Makeshift). Owner, Lord Zetland. Trainer, Dundas. Following a smart victory at Pontefract was confidently supported to win the Colborne Sweepstakes (one mile and a quarter) at Haydock Park. Succumbed to Bachelor's Dale, but she should pick up another race before the end of the season.

PARD

(G., by Farman—Graphite). Owner, Mrs. G. H. Drummond. Trainer, Sneyd.

Running into winning form. Was beaten by one length in the Coventry Plate (two miles) at Kempton after a strong race. Will pay to follow.

GRIZZLY

(B. F., by Teddy—Silver Hue). Owner, Mr. H. Pulitzer. Trainer, S. Darling. After his promising performance at Thirsk was quietly supported to win the October Selling Plate (one mile) at Kempton. At the end of a thrilling race was a head behind the winner, Steerforth. This was an excellent performance.

NICK OF TIME

(B. C., by Heverswood—Acclamation). Owner, Capt. L. Montagu. Trainer, F. Hartigan.

His fourth to Noreen at Newbury put the experts on the que vive, and he was narrowly beaten, after being well backed, by Blue Mermaid in the Kempton Park Plate (Nursery), five furlongs, at Kempton Park. Was running gamely at the finish.

TORBUIE

(B. F., by Friar Marcus—Brack Buie). Owner, Mr. S. Tattersall. Trainer, Lawson. Continue to wager on her. Finished a good third to Fingle Bridge at Newmarket, and over the same course last week was second to Lutestring in the Autumn Handicap (seven furlongs).

MYRA BLAKE (C., by Soldennis). Owner, Lady Butt. Trainer, S. Wootton. When going like a certain winner jumped a shadow close home caused by the "Tote" Board. This was in the Chesterton Two-year-old Stakes (five furlongs) at Newmarket. Finished second in a field of 24 after being soundly supported.

A LIBERAL GATHERING

Alfieri

The Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny at the Newmarket Autumn Sales. Although there was a big attendance, prices were low

Topical

Lord and Lady Pembroke on their way to inspect the bloodstock at the Newmarket Autumn Sales

The Liberals Gather their Forces

THE Liberals got away with the first of those unofficial political gatherings that precede the opening of Parliament. This was Lord Cowdray's reception for members of the Eighty Club, and, despite the present slump in the Liberal market, there was nothing of that mild depression that existed at Lord Beauchamp's reception to the party after the General Election. Lord Beauchamp's party lacked the revivifying influence of champagne, which appears to cheer even advocates of local option. The Eighty Club, however, wisely avoiding such omission. Lord Cowdray danced energetically with his daughter, the Hon. Nancy Pearson, and most of the distinguished Liberals, such as Lord Grey, Lord Reading, Sir Herbert Samuel, the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe, and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, all turned out to give the reception that social cachet which seemingly even Labour is seeking to cultivate.

An Engaged Couple

ONE of the most attractive girls to become engaged in recent months is Miss Ione Sutton-Shope, whose photograph appeared in our issue of October 2, in which she was incorrectly described as Miss Sutton - Shore. Her fiancé, the Marquis de Monteclain, comes of a very old family, and is a descendant of Charlemagne. Miss Sutton-Shope, whose mother was formerly the Baroness von Colberg, is remarkably pretty, and is very popular in New York society.

Brilliant Lawn Tennis at Queen's

QUEEN'S CLUB has had something of the complexion of Wimbledon during the past fortnight, first with its series of International matches, and then with the Covered Courts Championship. Borotra, on the afternoon I went down to West Kensington, was in magnificent form, and for once I saw him playing without that historic blue béret, this was against Major Mundey, whom he beat in three sets and without resort to a single volley. He went on to play J. D. P. Wheatley, and following upon such an easy match one expected some initial carelessness, but both players at once settled down to really brilliant tennis. An interesting entrant in this tournament was M. Alain Gerbault, recently returned from cruising round the world in a small boat. It was astonishing that he managed to play as well as he did, having been so long absent from such civilised relaxation as lawn tennis. What, however, is first-class lawn tennis for our players is not that for the French and Americans, and it must sadly be admitted that we have none as yet to equal their standards of play. Do what he might, Wheatley could only takes five games in all from the vivacious Borotra.

Topical

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith on the links at North Berwick with Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville He is a former Amateur Golf Champion

Some of the leading lights of the Motor Industry as seen by our caricaturist, Mundo. Reading from left to right, in the back row are Colonel Warwick Wright, the head of the famous firm of that name, who, among other things, are the sole English agents for Stutz cars; Sir Herbert Austin, whose "Baby Austin" cars proved very much more than a seven days'—and seven horse-power—wonder; and Mr. Hamilton Barnsley, the Managing Director of the famous firm of Lanchester. In the front row are Sir William Morris, creator of the famous Oxfords and Cowleys of that ilk; Mr. W. E. Bullock, the Managing Director of the firm of Singer; and Mr. F. H. Royce, whose years of labour have helped to make the Rolls-Royce the doyen of cars

AT THE PLAY

FRENCH FARCE, AND A CUP WHICH

"Miss Adventure," at the Winter Garden

I DID not see the French version of this play, which had a big success in Paris, but I can hardly imagine that it was quite as unsophisticated as it is now that it has been adapted by Reginald Berkeley. Perhaps this is just as well, for I understand that the original version of the play, which centres round the conversion of a reckless young motor racing millionaire by a girl who, posing in male attire, gets engaged to him firstly as a chauffeur and finally as his bride-to-be contained several references to "Colonel Barker" which would certainly never pass our Censor.

RENÉE KELLY as the young lady in question is equally feminine and attractive, be she wearing trousers, skirts, or breeches; and even if she can hardly play the ace to the king—or, rather, the Hetty King—in the matter of male impersonation, is invariably pleasant. Morris Harvey as a Russian Prince who is living very comfortably on his wits gets plenty of robust humour into the part, and Jack Hobbs as the young millionaire makes love and drinks kummel-laced champagne with equal skill. Even if there is nothing very subtle about it, *Miss Adventure* is quite amusing, and, after a rather dreary start, keeps the pot boiling merrily enough.

Prince Vladimir (Morris Harvey), having fleeced his young host to some tune, is later obliged to play a less pleasant one in the orchestra of a Maidenhead River Club

Hania (Renée Kelly), on the left, as the charming Russian girl who poses as a male chauffeur and is engaged by—and later to—the motor-racing millionaire (Jack Hobbs). As she has to speak not only in her natural voice, but in broken English, and also in masculine tones, her life is a chapter of accents

"The Silver Tassie," at the Apollo Theatre

BRIEFLY, the story of Sean O'Casey's new play deals with the fortunes of two Irish soldiers, one of whom is married and bullies his wife, while the other—a good footballer—is engaged. The latter helps to win the final of a cup tie for the Stanmore F.C., and brings home the cup in triumph—a triumph cut short by their return to the Front.

WE see these two, inter alia, at the Front previous to a German attack—a beautiful scene designed by Augustus John—and then we are transported to a hospital ward, where, by the long arm of coincidence, several characters who appeared in the first act are patients, while another is a nurse. The bullying husband is now blind and the football expert is paralysed and can only wheel himself about in a bath chair.

THE last act is at a dance given by the Stanmore F.C., when the Silver Tassie (cup) has been won in perpetuity, and we find the fiancée of the paralysed soldier throwing him over for another

FAILS TO CHEER By Vernon Woodhouse

Irish soldier who got the V.C. for rescuing his friend. That, roughly, is the story.

BUT it is not told in a straightforward way. The author has mixed stage actuality with symbolism, and made, to my mind, a horrid mess of the job. Act I is straightforward stuff. Act II—at the Front—is symbolism, and has really nothing to do with the play. Act III is back again to the straightforward; while the end is a mixture of both.

I MISTRUST these adventures in stagecraft if only because they are usually so ineffective. Until convinced by example, I still hold that a story told forthrightly will be of far greater interest than all the symbolism beloved by highbrows. But that is not my only complaint about this play. I loathe the author's point of view. The second act at the Front, where verse and Gregorian chants are often employed, made me feel inclined to rise in my stall and protest. All his "underdogs" are downtrodden, poetic creatures and those in authority are brainless or blackguardly. I loathed still more an incident in the last act, when—the Censor permitting—a disgusting parody of the blessed Sacrament was enacted before our eyes—with a football cup!

SOME critics have professed to find beauty in this hotch-potch. I am glad to say I found none, and can congratulate the management of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in refusing to produce this long draught of whine—whatever the reason. It may be that it contains poetry, but in attempting this medium it seems to me the author has only "Synged" his wings. The acting—like Raymond Massey's production—by the genuinely Irish members of the cast—was extraordinarily good. Frank Laughton as the hero did not appeal to me.

"Symphony in Two Flats," at the New Theatre

IVOR NOVELLO, for a young dramatist, possesses, if I may say so, consummate cheek. In his *Symphony in Two Flats* he has actually dared to tell two absolutely separate and distinct stories in the same evening! Had he been clever enough to join them together at the finish I should have applauded his ingenuity, but both stories remain separated, and, in consequence, I cannot applaud this new and distracting form of technique.

IT really looks as if he had written two plays, and, finding neither strong enough for an evening's entertainment, had the unhappy idea of combining them in order to fill the night's bill. Even in the world of the cinema no producer has yet dared to attempt such a "double turn," and I doubt if he ever will.

ONE story he tells is of the sentimental feuilleton type in which a composer goes blind, but, despite some good acting by the author himself—who played as if he believed in his own creation—and Benita Hume as his almost unfaithful wife, the story could hardly be said to grip, for it was of the stage, stagey. The second story is of the comic—almost knockabout—order with Viola Tree as an alleged Chelsea artist painting futuristic pictures in oils, in addition to her face—also in oils—in the intervals of doing exercises on parallel bars. Another comic character was that of an elderly matron who at one moment began to talk like Mr. Jingle—but, thank heaven, this spasm soon passed, and the rest of her time was spent in trying to evade the conditions of one of those stage wills which only lunatics and dramatists draw up.

STILL, there is enough popular appeal, very much in the foreground, to make this play a paying proposition with the type of public which is easily amused and does not care a tinker's cuss about technique and verisimilitude.

"A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," at Daly's Theatre

MARK TWAIN was a humorist, and when I was very young I remember enjoying his jokes of contrast when an American was "thrown back" to earlier times. When less young I also enjoyed seeing that little genius, the late James Welch, giving life to *When Knights Were Bold*, which had the same central idea. I did *not* enjoy the jokes at Daly's Theatre the other evening, when once again the theme was used as a foundation for a musical comedy.

SAYS Queen Morgan le Fay to Merlin, "And you shall be my sorcerer." To which Merlin replies, "I'll be your whole set of dishes."

That jest is typical of the wit in this American musical comedy which relies on humour for its appeal. The only interest that I found in this production was in wondering how long this "deadly Daly dose" will be swallowed by the English public. V. W.

TAKE YOUR PICK

HUMOUR

"A Cup of Kindness" at the ALDWYCH.

"The Middle Watch" at the SHAFTESBURY.

"Sorry You've Been Troubled" at the ST. MARTIN'S.

MUSIC, Etc.

"The Gondoliers" at the SAVOY.

"Mr. Cinders" at the HIPPODROME.

"Bitter Sweet" at HIS MAJESTY'S.

"Wake Up and Dream" at the LONDON PAVILION.

"Love Lies" at the GAIETY.

SERIOUS

"Jew Süss" at the DUKE OF YORK'S.

"The Rising Sun" at the KINGSWAY.

"Heat Wave" at the ST. JAMES'S.

COMEDY

"The First Mrs. Fraser" at the HAYMARKET.

"The Matriarch" at the ROYALTY.

"The Calendar" at WYNDHAM'S.

Sketches of "Miss Adventure" at the Winter Garden Theatre

By H. H. HARRIS

Paula Remington (Eileen Peel), a dainty craft who is not beyond employing not such dainty craft to hook a young millionaire

PARIS GOSSIP

Keystone

Dancers of the famous Moulin Rouge, which has now been dedicated to the mediocrity of a cinema, rehearsing on one of the platforms of the Eiffel Tower. The photographer was able to get a worm's eye—not a bird's eye—view of three of them

A PARISIAN POT-POURRI

By Sylvia Lyon

PARIS, I hear, has reached the saturation point in automobiles. I do not know a thing about saturation points, but I have been personally saturated several times this week, standing on corners, waiting for traffic to dissolve. In nineteen-twenty there were thirty thousand cars in Paris. This year there are three hundred thousand. I meet fully one hundred and fifty thousand of them twice every day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven, in the Place de la Concorde.

SOME years ago there was a song called, "If They Don't Stop Making Them so Beautiful." The song should be revived, and changed to, "If They Don't Stop Making It so Beautiful," meaning Paris, for the illumination of the Place de la Concorde during the Automobile Show and the visit of the Twenty-second Division of the American Army is something unbelievable.

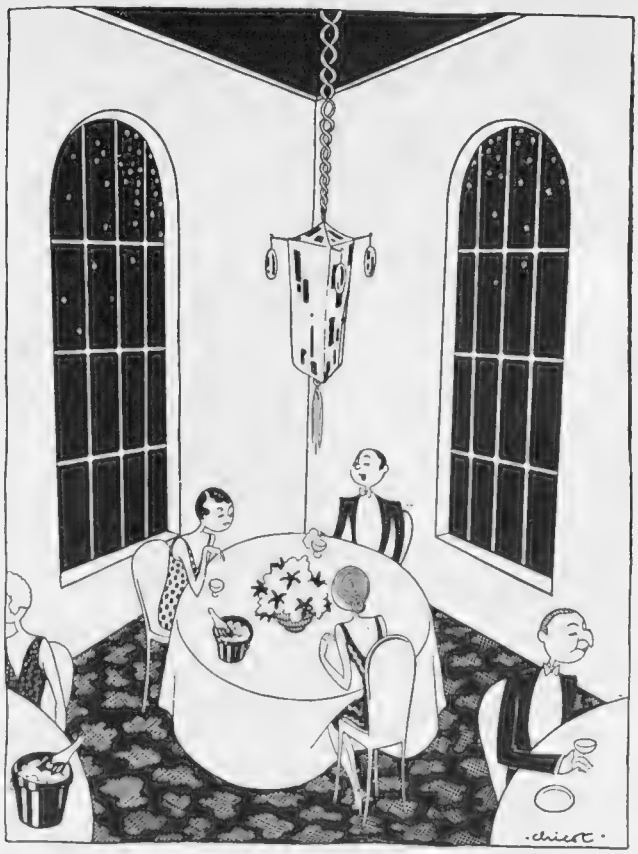
THE architect Gabriel's masterpieces, housing the Hôtel Crillon and the Ministry of Marine, the ramp of the Tuileries Gardens, the Obelisk, the fountains, the monuments of rearing horses at the commencement of the Champs Elysées seem to say, "Look at us, will you? For years and years you thought us beautiful during the day, but look at us *now*!"

EVERYTHING seems to be emphasised in its perfection. It is not just a beautiful sight, it is beauty itself. All over the world, wherever there is an exposition, a great fuss is made over the illumination of temporary buildings. Here is Paris, forever a great perennial show.

AND what a show has started! The Théâtre Pigalle has opened with the Guitrys, and an enormous cast in *Histoires de France*, specially written, I think, in view of the fact that the audiences will be so diverted by the theatre itself that no one need pay any attention to the stage except to wonder if the six platforms will really work. There were really four openings, the répétition generale, which is always invitational, the première, with seats going for two hundred francs at the box office, and two successive evenings for the Press. Upon arriving at the theatre, which is built upon the site of Scribe's home, drivers of their own cars are presented with tickets informing the astonished arrival that his car is covered by every form of insurance during the performance; the vestiare is free, and the ushers look more offended upon being offered the customary obligatory tip than at the Påramount Theatre. Mengelberg is in Paris to conduct the Orchestra de Paris.

FOR some peculiar reason the noise in the rue de La Gaîeté has been picked up aerially and will be broadcast in Frankfort. The Germans evidently think that the honking of automobile horns, the roar of 'buses, the scrape of coffee cups on marble-top tables, the calling of "Garçon," and the radio announcement across the Rhine of the arrival into a little café of the young French dramatists, such as Stève Passeur, Marcel Achard, and Jean Richard Bloch, is something novel and interesting.

IF this programme is kept up nightly then the compositions of Antheil and Honegger will never draw an audience. . . . For the benefit of children whose mothers have been too careless with knives or revolvers or other



By Chicot

'It seems she told him all her past"
"What frankness!"
"Yes, and *what* a memory!"

people's property, a nursery is to be maintained at the Palais de Justice. A replica of a Viking boat is bobbing away on the Seine, on its way around the world. . . . The Ritz, one Sunday night at dinner, was thronged with Germans in Paris to see Oleander run, but an Italian horse won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. Maurice Chevalier, surrounded by photographers and reporters, could hardly make his way to the boat train en route to America, while Madame Curie managed to slip on board the train unnoticed.

ARGENTINA, the dancer, before she left for a tournée in America, told the Press that she could hardly stand the thought of leaving Paris, the centre of fashion. Arriving in America, she told the Press that she was so glad to be in New York once more, as New York is the centre of fashion. Her pronouncement was cabled back to Paris, and printed in every newspaper, whereupon La Argentina's couturier burst into a rage and told the world what she thought of her famous client. Agnès is now showing her winter collection in London, at the Washington Hotel in Curzon Street.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX has also sailed for America, and before he went turned on a new collection, showing new evening gowns of the most divine blues, every sort of blue, powder, hydrangea, turquoise, cerulean. I always get a grand chuckle out of these second collections. Just after the buyers and tourists have gone home an entirely new showing is produced by all the dressmakers for the truly Parisian clientèle. Do not ever believe that the dresses shown in Paris in October will be worn by the Parisienne in November. No, no, no!

I WENT in to see Thomas's new collection the other morning and was so struck by the sight of the pearls worn by the first Marquise de Portago that the price of the dresses seemed like the cost of a bag of peanuts. Schiapparelli is showing a three-piece sports ensemble, the coat of which has a scarf, and the scarf ends in a concealed muff. To match the tweed of the costume there is a robe for motor car or steamer chair, and a zipper at one end of the robe reveals a place for one's feet. There is something very sinister about this. For what can a girl do, if she is out for a drive and her hands are in a muff and her feet tied up in a zipper?

AT a meeting of the Conseil d'Etat, Maurice Dekobra's appeal legally to become Maurice Dekobra was granted, and the perfectly astounding number of readers of *Madonna des Sleepings* and *Mon Cœur au Ralenti* learned that Dekobra's real name is Texier. Well, as for that, Fracis de Croisset's real name is Wiener, and André Maurois is Emile Herzog. Romain Coolus is René Weil, "Colette" is Madame Henri de Jouvenel, and "Gyp" is the Comtesse de Martel Mirabeau. Claude Anet, the novelist and father of the young tennis player, was born Jean Schopfer, and the real name of Erté, the artist, is Romain de Tirtoff. Saint-Granier, the comedian and co-translator of the French version of *Hit the Deck*, is legally Monsieur Granier de Cassagnac. "Sem" is the pseudonym for Georges Goursat, and Cécile Sorel was Céline Seure before becoming the Comtesse de Ségur. Fanny Heldy's proper name is de Ceuninck, and Paul Reboux, son of the late great milliner, was baptised Paul Amillet.

You think I know a lot, don't you? Well I do, and then, again, I do not. I gathered the above information from the pseudonym section of "Tout Paris."

S. L.

Jean Epstein, the famous French producer, with members of the cast of his successful film, "Finis Terrae." The members of the company were all natives of the little fishing village off the coast of Finisterre, where the play was filmed, and had no previous screen experience

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DR. JONES of the Aquitania says that the simplest way to avoid seasickness is to abstain from alcohol. He seems to think that Americans cross the ocean just for a ride.

BY LESLIE BUTLER

"Well, how's the riding-school going?"
"Oh! rotten. Pupils falling off every day!"

THE GHOST WALKS!

By

HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrations by Norman Kay

THERE are lots of things of interest in theatres besides the plays.

Only two London theatres boast of their ghosts. The Haymarket is quite proud because the spirit of J. C. Buckstone, the comedian, is said to appear sometimes in the theatre—Drusilla Wills thinks she saw it during the run of *Yellow Sands*—while at the Royalty they speak of a mysterious white lady who does not belong to the theatre, but is said to have been left over from a house that once stood on the site.

At His Majesty's I have heard of women being afraid to go up into the Dome alone after dark for fear of seeing Sir Herbert Tree; while Stanley Lupino has told me that on the first night of a Drury Lane pantomime he saw Dan Leno appear to him in his old dressing-room, while immediately afterwards a charwoman saw the form in a corridor.

A PLAQUE forms in the St. Martin's a tribute to Meggie Albanesi, and there is a plaque outside His Majesty's reminding people that, before his effects were cruelly sold in a Bond Street auction room and the Shakespeare pictures were taken down, Sir Herbert once kept up the majesty of the stage.

Irving's association with the Lyceum is remembered now merely because there is in the doorway the silliest bust I have ever seen. Yet the memorial to Alexander in the hall of the St. James's is as dignified as Sir George himself.

The Globe once boasted a glass-cased figure of a German soldier pillaging a French village, and was a reminder to all naughty Huns that they must not behave like that in the stalls, never mind who was trying to act.

Cochran once put in the hall of the London Pavilion, when Delysia was there, a tablet saying that no German was ever to enter the theatre again. Nowadays, of course, they can go along and pay their money like anybody else.

WHEN the Kaiser came over, not long before the War, and they acted *Money* on the stage with all the stars, and with so much fuss that Arthur Roberts, who was a waiter or something in the play, passed a violent remark and then ran out of the theatre in his stage clothes, the sad occasion was commemorated by the hanging on Drury Lane's stairs of a special curtain showing the Kaiser on a wonderful German horse, while in the hall they put a list of the cast and all the wonders of the show. Then a naughty War came, and all that had to come down. In place of the cast in the hall there is now a list of London actors who died in the Kaiser's war!

Downstairs there are large monuments of Garrick and Kean, but people usually think they are Willie Clarkson and Jimmy Glover. Indeed, when *Ned Kean* was suggested to open the the new Drury Lane, one of the directors said, 'Ned Kean? Who's he?"

"His statue's downstairs," reproved Arthur Collins.

"I've never seen it," was the reply.

A LARGE portrait of David Garrick reminds you in the Garrick Theatre that he had something to do with that theatre or the Garrick Club. Not even *Dracula* frightened this painting away.

A large frame hangs in the Duke of York's containing Violet Melnotte's coloured photograph, but when I saw it the other day I said it was only "a frame-up."

Stand up at the back and even perform antics

A new use was found for this portrait. When people came out of *Keepers of Youth* complaining, the management pointed to the picture and said, "It's her fault. She shouldn't have sold the theatre."

RICHARD NORTHCOTT recently arranged a magnificent museum in Covent Garden—letters from Caruso, and the left sock worn by Joe Beckett when he fought Boy McCormick there—to the consternation of the staff. They soon cleared the museum away, and went back, leaving room for opera crowds to stare at each other.

There was a silly press agent story about a bust of Emma Haig going in the Palace once, a "great tribute to a great, great, great," etc., but I have not seen it yet; while in Billy Merson's old room at the Shaftesbury there is a large tablet commemorating the foundation stone laying.

IN Wyndham's Theatre there used to be a chair on which King Edward sat. Only one person was allowed to use it. There is a brass plate in the Fortune, which is partly a church, saying "There is a tide in the affairs of men"—yes, there is, even in the affairs of Philip Ridgeway.

The Strand has a quite unnecessary bust of George Grossmith in the bar, while all over the theatre are pictures of Arthur Bourchier in everything

under the sun—yes, and a copy of King Charles's death warrant.

When I protested once against all these, Kyrle Bellew said, "Don't make me take these down, Swaff, or else I shall have to buy some new wall-paper."

IN the Aldwych there is a picture of Temple Bell, a daughter of A. E. Abrahams, who owns the theatre.

Cochran once told me that, when he leased the theatre, there was a clause in the contract that Miss Bell could have a part in any play produced in that theatre if she liked. It was only a joke of her father's, though, I think, for she soon left off dancing.

The bust of Sir Oswald Stoll's mother in the hall of the Coliseum is a filial tribute to a most devoted mother, but the sight of it never puts me in a mood suitable for Chinese Syncopators or Miss Heather Thatcher.

People often write to me asking me who the people are on the drop curtain of the Coliseum. They include all the famous stars who have ever, or never, acted there—Shakespeare, Harry Tate, Grock and Sarah Bernhardt. Miss Thatcher has not yet been granted that proof of immortality.

IN the bar of the Gaiety there are wonderful reminders of the Gaiety as it used to be—paintings of Marie Studholme, Ellaline Terriss and Gertie Millar, all now strangely out of date.

You wouldn't believe it, but the Duke of York's Theatre has a clause in its original lease saying that the management must not keep a cow on the premises.

The only farmyard cow I have ever seen in a London theatre was one that Harry Reichenbach, the press agent, put in the Alhambra when films were shown there. He wanted mothers to take their children in the afternoon, when they would find unmilked milk waiting for their little ones. When I pointed out that mothers who nursed their children ought to stay at home, instead of gadding about in theatres, the cow went back to its farmyard.

The Haymarket is the only theatre that boasts of its Green Room where artists are invited to take tea with the management. No stranger must ever enter. There is a green room in Daly's, in which I once introduced Mary Pickford to the chorus.

FEW people know, but there are Royal rooms in several theatres. The one at the Duke of York's is now used as a sort of critics' club, except, of course, when the King goes. It is decorated with lithographs by Byam Show and a Brangwyn picture of the Golden Hind. Formerly, it looked like a Brixton drawing-room.

I shall always remember the Royal room at the Adelphi, because it was there I met Elsie Janis's mother when, on the night when her daughter failed in *Clowns in Clover*, she sat like a Royal princess, and with Princess Hatzfeldt on the next seat. Meanwhile, the black maid danced attendance, and there was a Janis chauffeur in full uniform. It was just like *The Young Visiters*. The King prefers naval plays, although he likes drama generally. When he went to *The Blue Peter*, which was about a bar in Liverpool, the King was very disappointed.

"'Why don't you stand up?' asked the man who had instructed him "'I can't,' he replied, 'I've got lumbago'"

"I came because it was called *The Blue Peter*," he said. "Yet this is nothing about the sea."

The King always likes a hat stand in the Royal room, and the Queen insists upon a hassock. The King, too, likes an evening paper.

When King Edward went to Covent Garden, James, who is still there, always had an evening paper because the King liked to read the racing news between the acts.

WHEN the King went to the Winter Garden he had to hang about in a corridor when he wanted to smoke. They railed a nice piece off for him.

On such occasions managers have to be most careful. One night, for instance, at the Queen's, a drunken man nearly invaded the Royal box.

Once, at the Apollo, an assistant-manager, unused to Royalty, had been told how to bow but not to leave off bowing. He still stood, in abject humility, with his head nearly at right angles, ten minutes after the King had gone into his box.

"Why don't you stand up?" said the man who had instructed him, when he found him still there.

"I can't," he replied. "I've got lumbago."

He had stuck!

H. S.

"The management 'Must not keep a cow on the premises'"

BY STARR-WOOD

"Oh! Aubrey, how you startled me! I thought you were a mouse!"

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HAT

By Blanche B. Elliott

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

Delightful hat of black felt stamped with herringbone design, slightly longer at the right than at the left side

MODEL PATOU

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

Smooth-faced black felt sweeping off the face and falling in soft folds on each side. Small white bow of grosgrain ribbon at the back

MODEL MARIA GUY

THE choice of a hat is always a matter of paramount importance because it gives the *clou* to one's outfit and adds the crowning touch of success—or the reverse—to whatever one may be wearing. At the moment, when the change in styles is so great, the subject is a burning one, and it would be wisest to study the winter hat in each guileful guise before making one's selection. Particularly would I advocate the purchase of a *good* hat, and that is never a cheap one, because the skilful fingers and clever brains that evolve it must be rewarded accordingly. Your really good hat will repay its initial outlay over and over again, because it will possess a cachet to its last thread and will carry along successfully the simplest suit or frock and earn the wearer the respect we accord the woman of taste.

IT is one thing, however, to buy a smart hat and another to be able to wear it, and, judging by some of the early efforts one has seen, not quite everyone has met with all the success they anticipated. There is the type of woman who is apparently quite unable to get over the habit of pulling her hat on to the bridge of her nose, which is utterly disastrous with the off-the-forehead movement in vogue. One such lady wore her new hat well down over her eyes and attended one of the smartest dress shows in town, where, in the general sea of back-to-the-back-of-the-head angle she looked positively comic! All of which just shows what happens when one's eye gets used to a certain line and effect. The perfect hat is awaiting each one of us somewhere, but we have often to search for it. Sometimes we see it sitting firmly on the head of a hated rival, but most often, happily, at our favourite modiste, when it can usually be recognised instantly as one's own particular "it."

FREED from their first exaggerations, there are some very delightful hats indeed to be seen. Particularly new and lovely are the two hats specially sketched above for THE BYSTANDER. The hat on the left is a Patou model with the felt stamped with herringbone design and a longer drooping right than left side, a characteristic of many of the models from this house. Some had bows tied so low as to touch and even fall below the right shoulder, a style naturally only permissible with the very dressy hat. On the right is an adorable little black felt from Maria Guy, in shiny, lissom quality, which sweeps off the head to which it is shaped by a curving seam, to fall in soft folds on each side of the face and fasten at the back with a prim little bow of white grosgrain ribbon. This bow at the back effect is much seen; often the entire hat is made of ribbon, and it fastens at the back of the neck in what *seems* to be a negligently tied bow.

THERE is something which savours very much of the bonnet in some aspects of the newest headgear, an effect that the bow at the back enhances, particularly when its ends are left rather long. Each house is trying out this effect, and we get a frankly Dutch cap, a Quakerish affair, and the little bonnet cap with ribbons on each side. Most favoured is the turned-back brim caught and gathered in front and allowed to drape down over each ear, and the varied versions of this are suitable for practically any type of face and feature. Velvet is used a great deal for our smart hats and is always soft and becoming to the face. It has a drapable quality, and whether in the sleek panne, shimmering chiffon velvet or the stiffer kind, it is safe to predict for it an enormously successful season. Collars, which are so influenced by the type of hat we wear, are high enough to be frankly Medici in outline, even when created in a flat fur, and accentuate the formal feminine line that is gaining ground on all sides.

FOR sports and country wear it is, of course, the tweed hat with its matching accessory that is favoured by the smart woman as an alternative to the ubiquitous felt. More is expected of it because it can be called upon to match not only the scarf and bag but the coat or suit too. One woman looked particularly well dressed in a small red and brown checked tweed with a swathed turban matching the suit. The little béret and matching scarf of Jersey tweed is still the smartest thing to wear with the sports or country suit, or even the town tailor-made, while they have the great advantage of packing into an ideally small space in the week-end country suit-case. They will give even the most practical of golfing kits a chic appearance, and several in varied colours should be included in our winter wardrobes. Chanel showed many of the little béret and matching scarf sets in gay plaids, tweeds or the new soft, woven woollies.

FOR the young they are especially suitable, and if the woman who is no longer so finds these off-the-face effects trying, she had better recourse to a morning beauty treatment, or what our American friends aptly term a "facial"—it does so much to restore a lost self-assurance when an expert plucks or pencils the eyebrow to the correctness of a hair and applies the exact shade of lipstick, smoothes out wrinkles with a soothing cream, and dashes our cheek with ice to summon back the rosy tints of youth. It is the type of war-paint we moderns indulge in in our peaceful battle with the oncoming years, or to ward off the too searching glance which penetrates our armour, and helps us to play the skin game to the best advantage. Incidentally, it is extraordinarily restful and a pleasant habit for those over forty to fall into.

AND with all this show of mediæval influence and ultra-femininity it is hard to believe that our locks will remain short. Possibly they will follow the length of our skirts and be worn longer rather than long. Some disastrous efforts were seen when locks escaped below the brim at the back, but happily that is a tendency that has been sternly repressed. But, in spite of the flattest of contradictions from those who "know," there is an undeniable feeling for longer hair.

THE young things are doing it with the most innocent air in the world—hoping, possibly, we shouldn't notice it, and spring a surprise. There is also a tendency to wear little wayward curls trailing round the nape of the neck, forehead or behind the ear. Anyway, ears *are* being worn again, and that is a beginning. In fact, a mannequin who had a boyish air and an Eton crop gave one quite a shock at a recent London collection; she appeared entirely démodé and out of the picture with feminine frills and trailing skirts. Another straw which shows which way the wind blows is that Chanel has told her mannequins that they must grow their hair. One of Lanvin's model's rippling fair hair floated out backwards as though blown by a permanent wind, standing out rather like one of Epstein's drawings. So who can say that woman will not again submit to the tyranny of long tresses—or that they are more of a tyranny than the short?

Patou's arresting model "Castiglione," in black velvet, is daringly reminiscent with its high waistline, long skirt, tight-fitting sleeves and wide-brimmed hat. Model Jean Patou

if gossip

THAT Mrs. Philip Snowden is a teetotaler is entirely her own affair, for which she is neither to be blamed nor applauded. But in her capacity as an official Downing Street hostess she is going to provide only temperance drinks at her dinner parties. For this, what old Horace (who was not a teetotaler) called "*Res Augusta Domi*" would be the only excuse, and this does not, one suspects, hold good in the Snowden household. Even if the practice of strict economy were necessary, at least as cheap as lemonade and ginger ale are a few bottles of Chateau Permanganate de Potash, or, better still, a jorum of honest beer from the pub round the corner. But no! Downing Street, so far as the Snowdens are concerned, is to be dry, whatever the personal tastes of the assembled guests.

By Baird

"I'm told tragedy is her forte"
"Oh, no. Forty is her tragedy!"

NOW Mrs. Snowden is a woman so intelligent and so charming that I would like to put one point to her—quite a disinterested one, for my prospects of and inclinations towards attending those dinner parties are alike nil. Why should temperance fanatics force their ginger pop down people who have other views—and (at the risk of begging the question) more sensible views? Suppose a host or hostess not opposed to alcohol followed the same line of reasoning and identical methods, and, when they entertained teetotal guests, provided alcoholic drinks and *no other liquid of any kind*? They would not, of course, do any such thing, for reasonable indulgence in wine or spirits begets a broader mind and, if I may say so, better manners. For to force guests to consume what they do not like in order to advertise one's personal prejudices is not good manners.

I like neither the out-and-out teetotaler nor the down-and-out drunkard. But the latter is probably more human and certainly less of a bigot.

FOR hysterical nincompoopery that portion of Reading which went mad over Mr. Philip Yale Drew

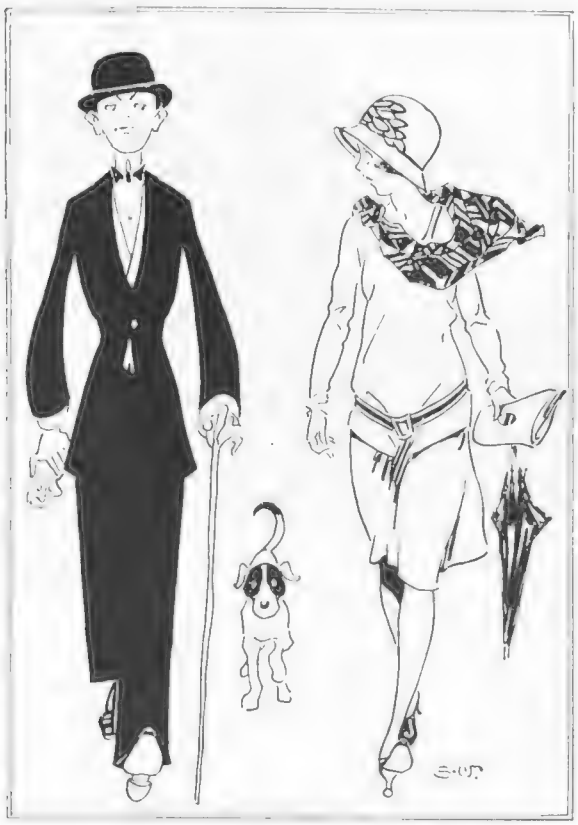
BRIGHTER LONDON! L.N.A.

The Bishop of London (left), who was a member of the team of Clergy when they played their annual golf match against the Press at Walton Heath. His opponent is Mr. Edward Hudson

Jean Colin and Clifford Mollison, two of the principals in the new musical is having a provincial "try-out" before trying

We must

takes the biscuit. I find the whole episode terrifying, as there is no reason to suppose that Reading is the only place in the United Kingdom where, given the circumstances, such behaviour would occur. It would, of course, happen anywhere, and the people who indulged in it have, most of them, votes and are eligible to sit on juries. What room is there for justice and reason when an emotional form of mob law really gets going? The whole thing smacked of the world of the theatre, not of real life, and might form the next attraction at Drew-ry Lane, where it would at any rate do no harm. The fact that the central figure is an American would be a further inducement to producing it on those historic boards.



By Starr Wood

"Do you think your pater would see red if I told him I intend to marry you?"

"I think he would if you told him you did *not* intend to!"

NOTHING excuses such conduct on the part of the Reading mob, but many things can explain it. The influence of the films (for Mr. Philip Yale Drew had had his cowboy experiences, theatrically speaking, and photographs of him in the costume were familiar) is one of them. Another, as Edgar Wallace most wisely points out, was the attitude of the coroner towards Mr. Drew, his counsel, and any witnesses on his behalf. "You theatrical people" was a sneer on the coroner's lips, and not the only one; later he discounted in advance the evidence of an important witness, Wells. The mob, who could hardly be expected to examine matters on these lines, felt, nevertheless, that Mr. Drew was "being hardly done by," and in this case they were right, deplorably though they allowed their passions to run riot. *But suppose they had been anti-Drew instead of pro-Drew?*

"WASN'T Henry Irving booed when he made his first appearance?" cheerfully chirps *The Sunday Graphic*. "Didn't Claude Hulbert get the bird when he tried to star in *Pins and Needles*?"

Alas that Henry is dead. But his ghost doubtless feels the honour of being thus coupled with Claude. For, after all, a due sense of the proportion of things is what really matters, isn't it?

"AS a compliment to the composer," says the *Daily Mail* of the first concert of the Delius Festival, "Sir Thomas Beecham conducted without his baton."

I confess this mystifies me. Is it, then, disparaging to any composer to conduct *with* a baton? If so, Sir Henry Wood must, during the "Prom" season, insult at least thirty composers a week. If the shedding of various portions of one's accoutrement is complimentary, we are likely to find Sir Thomas next month conducting the last, and greatest, concert of the Festival in a state of complete nudity. Then perhaps the British public would take an interest in music.

NOW that American musical comedy is getting a drug in the

Topical Press

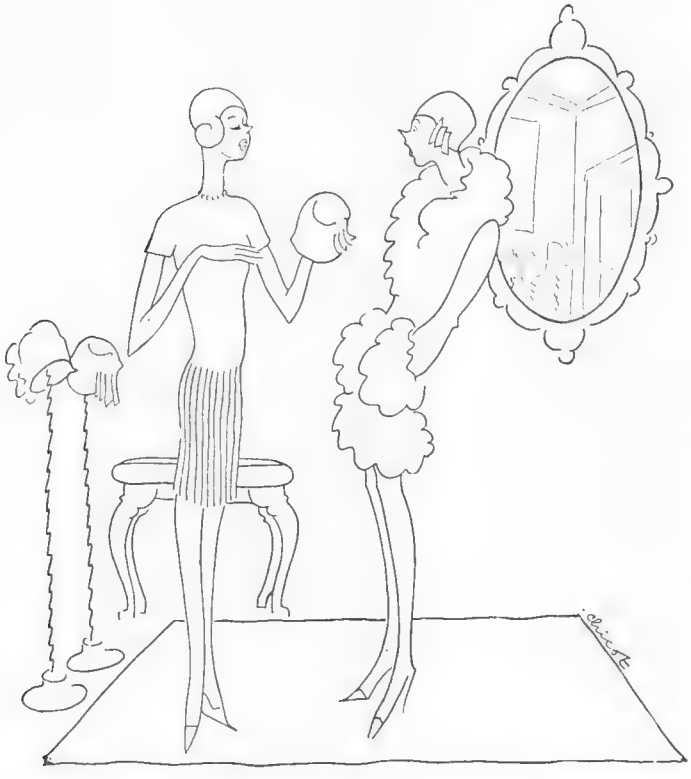
comedy, "Here Comes the Bride." This new Julian Wylie show its luck in the West End

Hana

A. W. Bascomb as he appears as a portly—and porty—Victorian Dame in Dion Titheradge's new sketch, "Relativity." He made his London debut in this playlet at the Coliseum last week

BERNARD SHAW AND HIS FEES

market—if only that drug were sometimes a soporific!—English librettists and lyric writers will have a greater chance than in the past of showing their paces. One who has shown his pace as well as his face in musical comedy—for he used to combine writing with acting—is Douglas Furber, author of *Lucky Girl, Battling Butler,* and other bright shows, a cheery person who does not store up all his jokes for the stage, and enjoys one against himself. Mention being made by a friend that he had taken a house at a fashionable seaside resort, "D. F." commented, "That *is* a posh place! I went down there once, and as I got out of the train the Town Clerk was on the platform. He had one look at me, *and then sent me back again*!"



By Chicot

"Could you show me something cheap in a felt hat?"
"Try this one on, moddom. The mirror is behind you!"

BERNARD SHAW made London's dramatic critics—an overpaid crowd for the most part, except the critical staff of THE BYSTANDER—glow with increased satisfaction when he told them at the Circle lunch that he never as a critic received more than £6 a week. But is Bernard, so to speak, Shaw?

I number among my more reputable acquaintances a quite human chartered accountant, whose breath is growing short, but whose memory is long, and uncannily accurate. In that far-off time he chartered, or accounted for, the *Saturday Review,* and he informs me that Mr. Shaw, as dramatic critic of that still admirable journal, received ten guineas a week, *whether he contributed an article or not.* And ten guineas in the happy, pre-War days of long ago was a sight more than it is to-day.

CLEMENT SCOTT, talking of dramatic critics, was rampant in those days. He had written a perfectly dreadful book to advertise the Great Eastern Railway, extolling the delights of Cromer, Felixstowe, and so forth, and he called it not "Poppy-cock," as it should have been called, but "Poppyland." The *Saturday* went for it, good and hard, in an anonymous criticism, and, among other faults, accused the author of splitting his infinitives. Scott, pontifical and arrogant, and "never-wrong" (I am trying hard to think whether he has a successor to-day), was furious, and wrote a letter to the reviewer, denouncing anonymity in criticism, beginning, "Come out of your hole, Rat!"

And the "rat," in a reply next week, emerged. It was Max Beerbohm!

"Yes, mummy, it's a lovely book, but I don't think
"How, darling?"
"Oh, well, she dies and he has to go back to his

Universal

Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, whose Rima was recently tarred and feathered again, with his work "Tirania." He is exhibiting at the 27th Exhibition of the London Group, which opened at the New Burlington Galleries last week

DELIUS AND THE NOVELLO FIRST NIGHT

CURIOUS that Ivor Novello's play about a blind composer should have been produced the very week when the blind composer, Delius, arrived in London, and sat, a pathetic and paralysed figure, in the Queen's Hall listening to such music as Ivor Novello will never compose. There were whispers during the entr'acte of "A Symphony in Two Flats," that the production was deliberately topical and in the worst of taste. I prefer to think that it was merely a coincidence. Ivor is a pretty shrewd business-man, but he is an amiable and decent sort of fellow who would not willingly hurt anyone's feelings by trading on the physical infirmities of a popular and much-loved public character. Besides, one does not write a play, cast it, rehearse it, and then find the right West-End theatre for it all in the course of a few days, and I believe the play was written long before it was announced that Delius was coming to London at all.

BY FIELD SMITH

you would like it. You see, the end's so sad"

wife!"

"MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD climbs a tree," runs a headline.

And yet the first thing he said when he took office was "No monkeying!" I seem to remember.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION

Epstein's "Rima" was recently tarred and feathered again, but we cannot help thinking there are other objects more deserving of such treatment. For instance:

THERE'S the actor who is happy only if
He's seen in public with a titled friend,
And with his talk of "Huntin'" bores you stiff,
And chatters "county" stuff for hours on end—
He should be firmly handled, as should the
Young lady who is handed a "fat" part
Because the man who finds the £.s.d.
Thinks she's a trump if she can hold his heart.

Then what about the Bright Young People who,
Unlike some of the Younger Set, lack brains
And, being green, use language that is blue?
They might be tarred and feathered for their pains;
As might their killjoy, glum antitheses
Who see in harmless fun the vilest vice,
And raising hands in horror at bare knees
Yet take good care to look at such things twice.

I do not fall in raptures at the sight
Of "Rima," or uplift my voice to praise
That very, very far from lovely "Night,"
For Epstein gets my goat in many ways;
But judging by some people who frequent
The Theatre, Ballroom, Restaurant and Club,
It is not stone that needs such punishment
So much as flesh and bones—aye, there's the rub!

B. W.

MISS WINIFRED LAWSON

The clever and attractive vocalist who is in the cast of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company which started a new season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy this week

Photographs Stage Photo Co. and Sport and General

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Owen Nares the actor, as the hero of Edgar Wallace's racing play, "The Calendar," subjects Owen Nares the golfer to a critical gaze whilst the latter is playing for the Stage Golf Society against Wimbledon Park

Nursery Days

Top left : Jane, the little daughter of Mrs. Arthur Bendir, of 43, Berkeley Square. Her mother is very well known in racing circles

Bottom left : The Hon. Thomas and the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, the two charming sons of Lord and Lady Fairfax, all ready for bed

Top right : Penelope, the only daughter of Sir William Jowitt, K.C., and Lady Jowitt. Her father, who is well known at the Bar, is the present Attorney-General

Photographs by Lenare and Douglas

BY PUS

JAZZ NOTES

"I lift up my finger and say 'Tweet, Tweet'"

WILL O' T

BY A. DAVIS

THE WISP

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Oliver Wendell Holmes believed the heart of every man possessed a front door, open to the world, by which the sentiments of every-day freely enter. But he wrote also of a secret way to the heart, an old side door overgrown and fast locked, where longings and desires are reached by one of three keys—old wine, sweet music, or tobacco.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CONSCIENCE MONEY

By JOHN TALLAND

Illustrated by R. Wenban

"The man sitting hunched up on the Embankment seat cautiously looked up through half-shut eyes as a thin, wiry figure moved towards him out of the darkness"

WHEN, some months ago, a short paragraph appeared in one of the more sensational newspapers under the heading "Repentant Thief," James Booth Heynes, or "J. B. Heynes," as he was known to his many readers, became engrossed in hypothesis and conjecture.

A parcel of jewellery and money had been anonymously received by the Police, the sole enclosure being a piece of card on which the words "Consience money" was written in straggling capitals.

Here, reasoned J. B., was a story—but what was the story? Were these trinkets the result of a burglary? And, if so, why were they returned? Was the word "consience" deliberately misspelled, or simply an uneducated thief's error? It was, after all, rather inconceivable that a burglar, having taken the trouble to break into a house, should repent and return the goods. But that it was possible had been proved. Then why? One could conjecture for a long time with little chance of stumbling on the real truth, and the problem was rather a fascinating one from the psychological point of view. With the added interest that a workable plot might result which, when properly garbed with words might further entertain the reading public—and profit the writer.

"J. B." thought about it for some time before arriving at what he considered to be a logical conclusion. To obtain realism for his story he needed local colour, so he allowed his chin to remain unshaven, and for several nights lost his identity. . . . .

THE man sitting hunched up on the Embankment seat cautiously looked up through half-shut eyes as a thin, wiry figure moved towards him out of the darkness.

Dawn was almost due: already a growing murmur in the air told of traffic astir. The breeze slipped over the black waters of the river, bringing all the familiar smells of the city; a tug moved quietly down with the tide, occasionally winking its bright red and green lights as if it knew and understood the troubles of the human wreckage scattered along the Embankment. To the East the sky became faintly tinged with pearly grey, showing the ghostly silhouettes of the river's bridges, and the irregular outline of buildings and chimneys.

Not all those who frequent the river's bank at night are devoid of intelligence. Poverty may numb the wits of some, others may be apathetic and comatose of brain, but the man who had been sitting and waiting had also been thinking. Even had it been lighter none could have seen any change in his expression as he slightly moved to accommodate the newcomer, who at first seemed hardly to regard the other. Both were collarless, according to the convention of the place and hour. Both were shabbily dressed and no razor had touched their faces recently. Caps, pulled low down, varied only in pattern and style, otherwise, except that the newcomer was diminutive compared with the bulkiness of the other, they were of the same kind.

The big man pulled his ragged jacket more closely around him and breathed through his hands. Under the peak of his cap his eyes had noticed the careless scrutiny to which he had been subject. There is a freemasonry of a kind among those who sleep at night in public places. Conversation is rarely more than desultory. If one, more bitterly oppressed by real or imagined wrongs, should raise his voice too much in prolonged invective there will be plenty to abjure silence—and not politely. Those who may be inquisitive tread on dangerous ground. A man may rightly be said to be the captain of his soul and retain his right to discuss it. The loquacious ones are not always welcomed.

Five minutes elapsed before either bench lounger spoke. Then the diversion was afforded by the little man fumbling for and producing half a cigarette, which he lit between cupped hands.

"Give us the end, mate," said the first occupant, in a deep voice. It seemed to come from the region of his tattered boots. A voice full of guile.

WITHOUT reply the other searched through several pockets and finally brought to light a paper carton

(All rights strictly reserved)

containing two cigarettes. He extracted one with his fingers and offered it, then followed this generous gesture by extending his own end for ignition purposes.

"Thanks." The burly one puffed at the cigarette. "First for a bit—I uster smoke these meself."

The other grunted. "Come far?" he queried suddenly.

"Ay, lad. I 'ave that. Come as far as I want to, an' I ain't going any further. 'Ow far've *you* come?"

"Been 'ere a week," was the reply. Again there was silence for a few minutes.

"Got any work?" inquired the donor of the cigarette, in a voice that betrayed no interest in the reply.

"I 'ad—plenty——" said the big man, as if responding in some degree to the warmth produced by his glowing cigarette. "I 'ad a nice little business. All me own—and I come a cropper 'cos of not sticking to me principles."

"Spill it," encouraged the other, "an' we'll go an 'ave a cup of cawfee—on me, aterwards."

Thus heartened, the big man, settling himself more comfortably in his corner, and waiting only long enough for a policeman to move by and out of hearing, commenced his story.

"D'you ever read in the papers 'bout a six months ago," he began, looking over the river at the moving lights, "erbout the police getting a packet of stuff addressed to 'em through the post? Properly mystified 'em it did, and some of the pipers took it up and put bits in as if it was somep'm most extraordinary. It was a packet of jewels, medals and watches with 'consience money' written on a bit of paper inside. Well, *I* did that! That came out of the damfoolishist thing I ever done. The papers said 'Repentant Thief.' Burglar turns religious! Gor'! An' I thought I was being clever! Let me go back to the beginning

"When I started at the game—I was brought up straight and a good craftsman at me trade—the first thing I learned was, 'Put your trust in your luck and nobody else!' I always remembered that. So I worked single-'anded. Now, I believes in luck—always 'ave, and when I did me first job it was a Friday—I'll always remember it—easy as pie and all golden quids. All I 'ad to do was spend 'em—no fences for me, to give you away. More than that, it was Friday, the thirteenth day of the month. Now, I worked it out this way. Friday's an unlucky day, so's the thirteenth—both unlucky. Well, *somebody*'s got to be unlucky in this world, so I figured that if Friday or the thirteenth—or both—were unlucky days for people to lose things, they must be lucky for *me!* An' they were, too! I never worked except on those days. All the week or all the month I studied the lay of the land, made my arrangements, and then—on Friday or on the thirteenth—I'd go and do the job and make somebody unlucky—an' I'll bet *they* always put it down to their luck, too. The big jobs I uster keep until Friday *was* the thirteenth—making doubly sure.

"Well, all went very well. I was getting very 'andy at the game; 'ad a very nice little set of tools, which I used to carry about in a carpenter's bag, me being all covered with sawdust and shavings and glue spots—I was 'prenticed to a carpenter.

"ONE day I was going 'ome in a Tube train, smoking me pipe, tools between me feet. I'd been out to see a place and been over the 'ouse. (It's easy enough; you tells the maid you've come to mend the wardrobe or the table, and then you says it's the wrong number or the wrong street or something.) I was getting all ready to do the business on the Friday. The train was a bit crowded, and two nobs standing next to me were talking about how they were going to take their wives to theatres the same evening. I kept me ears open for what I could learn, 'cos one never knows, and presently one of 'em spills the beans—no family, maid going out, too—house would be empty. So I followed . . .

"It was the easiest job I ever did. I waited until they'd come out—all dressed up—then the maid came out. One little light left burning in the hall to kid people there was somebody in. Ten minutes later I was in, and twenty minutes after that I was out.

"I got home feeling a bit pleased with meself; had a look at the stuff—'bout three quid in notes, and bits of gold and silver and a watch and a couple of medals—good pickins; and was wonderin' how I'd get rid of it when suddenly I had a terrible thought! It was a Tuesday! I looked at me calendar—Tuesday the tenth—and me with a big job coming off three days later! I'd clean forgotten all about the day and me principles in the excitement of everything.

"The little man had gathered together a collection of articles placed them, each cloth-covered to prevent noise, in an old leather suitcase, handed it to the big man, and ushered him towards the door"

"Well, it looked all right. There I was—safe with the boodle, and I began to think there was no need to worry about anything. But I couldn't 'elp thinking about it. And the more I thought about it, the more I knew I was wrong—I'd bust my luck! Thinking about it so much, I got put off my stroke about the job that was coming off on the Friday (the thirteenth, too!). Once you start worrying nothing seems to come right. For years I'd got accustomed to Fridays and thirteenths. I *knew* that so long as I studied me job and me principles I was right as rain, but once you get careless like—and I *was* careless in not thinking more about it before pulling off the job—then you're all wrong. 'Ow was I to know that somethin' wouldn't go wrong when I started to get rid of the stuff? You can't take liberties with your luck. It follows you till you mess it up—as I did—then it turns you down.

"I sweated 'alf the nights thinking about what I'd do with the unlucky boodle that 'ad let me down. I knew it wouldn't do me any good. I *'ad* to get rid of it—and I thought about chucking it in the river, but it seemed too crool. I nearly went to put it back in the 'ouse, but I never 'eard of such a thing as that; an' after a lot of thinking I decided to send it to my good friends the Police. They've always been good to me—never done me any 'arm ('cos I've never come up against 'em).

"Well, away I goes—ties up the parcel—money and everything—not a thing touched—wrote 'Consience Money' on a bit of paper to let 'em know it wasn't lost property, so's they could return it if they 'ad a mind to, and posted it to the Police.

"I *did* feel better when it 'ad gone. But not for long. You can't make a fool of the Police. I dunno why, but always after that I felt they knew it was me that 'ad done it. I seen one of 'em standing outside of my window—and when I used to pass a bobby in the street I c'd never look at 'im same as before. I'd a feeling I'd broke me luck, and after that I never 'ad the same nerve. I never done a job since. I'd a starved if I 'adn't done bits of carpentring and such like. Then one day I pawned me tools. Now I ain't got nothing save this little friend"—he half exposed a short shining bar of metal in one of his pockets—"wot I keeps *in case* one of these days . . ."

With a little sigh he relapsed into silence, surveying with moody eyes the barges moored on the other side of the river. His companion moved his seat and edged slightly closer.

"*I* ain't superstiticus," he observed by way of comment.

"Don't s'pose you are," said the big man. "Takes all kinds to make up the world. Got any more of them cigarettes?"

"In a minute I may have," came the reply. "I was just thinking—to-day's Friday."

"Is it reely?" exclaimed the other "Well, these days I 'ardly notice Fridays——"

"An' the thirteenth!" said the little man, with a suggestion of triumph in his voice.

"Well I never!" exclaimed the ex-burglar. "To think of that! Why, in the ole days I'd 'a' been up to something, I bet, on a day like this!"

"I may be up to something myself," cautiously confessed the smaller man. "But I got no use for anyone without the nerve 'cept as a looker-out or something." He rose to his feet and stretched himself. His attitude rather conveyed the impression that he resented the admission.

"Wot about the cawfee?" inquired the big man, anxiously, also rising. "You ain't forgettin'——"

"C'm on, then."

They moved together towards one of the side streets leading away from the river.

"'Aving the price of a doss, *you* don't need to sleep in liberty 'all," suggested the big man as he lumbered along

beside his quick-moving companion. "You don't 'appen to be lookin' for a pardner, do you?"

"Maybe I don't, maybe I do," replied the other. "But anybody with no guts ain't much good to *me*. Might make a muck of something serious."

"You got someping on your mind, mate. I knows that, and it's more than you can tackle if you asks me. That's what I'd say. Still, I ain't asking no favours. I got a few things of me own—if only I 'ad me tools. A feller can't do anything without 'is tools!"

"This job needs no tools," said the little man, and in a sudden burst of confidence added "I gotter key!"

"What! you gotter a key! Why, then, it's just walk in and 'ang your 'at in the 'all! What's stopping you?"

"Nothing's stopping *me*—only I wants someone to get rid of the stuff—the boodle for me when I gets it. That's my difficulty, you see. I—er—quarrelled with my last—er—outlet. If you likes to 'elp and get rid of the stuff, I'll—I'll go shares."

"Fifty-fifty?"

"Yes."

"Done!" There was no hesitation in the big man's voice as he closed with the compact—rather a cry of exultation. He rubbed his hands together briskly, and reset his cap at a jauntier angle. A few minutes later they stopped at a coffee stall and surveyed each other by the incandescent light. The big man had a round, cheerful face. There was an expression of humour in his twinkling brown eyes. He drank his coffee noisily—blowing at it to cool the surface. His movements were slow, and his hands, soft and long-fingered, were as black as soot.

THE other was quick and nervous, his face thin as a ferret's, his eyes hard grey and keen. The nails of his fingers had been bitten down to the quick, and *his* hands, also, were as black as soot. They trembled slightly as he took little sips at his coffee. Curiously, neither seemed inclined to eat, but nervousness destroys appetites.

The streets were now distinctly grey. In another half-hour it would be light. Occasionally some night workers moved quickly past in the distance. Even the stall-keeper blinked his sleep-sodden eyes drowsily as he resumed his occupation of gazing at the live coals of his fire.

They drank their coffee in silence, and moved off again before either had finished more than half of the hot fluid. The big man's first question was:

"When's it to be?"

"Now," came the laconic reply.

This, in view of the approaching light, was surprising.

"Where's the 'ouse?"

"It's a flat—near 'ere. Easy as pie—open all night, too. But we got to be quiet. There's an old woman lives there—a bit deaf. So long's we don't wake 'er it's easy. There's a back way out, too, so if we get copped you go one way, I go t'other."

"That's the place, this building we're coming to. Keep yer mouth shut and keep quiet and follow me . . . ."

Like shadows one after the other they slipped into the entrance of the mansion flats. A dim light burned in the entrance hall. The place was deathly quiet except for a thin rasping snore, which seemed to come from a great distance. Here, by mutual consent, they discarded their boots, tying the laces together and carrying them around their necks. The little man, taking the lead, trod the stairway as delicately as a cat. After him, walking on his toes, and with much less assurance of the way, came the burly one.

There were no lights on any of the landings, and the stairway was dark. With outstretched hands he felt his way after the leader until, on the second floor, he arrived to find that the key had already been utilised, and a door gaped invitingly open. The little man stood holding it. With one finger on his lips he made a sibilant sound, enjoining silence. It was as soft as a breath of air. All around was silence except for the ticking of clocks. Even the noisy sleeper could not now be heard. As they stood, a faint clip-clop of footsteps sounded distantly in the street. Both men shrank to immobility. For what seemed an eternity the monotonous tread swelled and then died away.

One after the other they entered the flat, moving in that dim light like wraiths in fog, but in an incredibly short time the little man had gathered together a collection of articles, placed them, each cloth-covered to prevent noise, in an old leather suitcase, handed it to the big man, and ushered him silently towards the door.

"We gotter beat it quick," he breathed into the other's ear. "In case she wakes."

They ran softly down the stairs in their stockinged feet, stopping to slip their boots on again at the bottom of the stairway. Then, in the act of so doing, the rat-faced one cocked his head on one side with a startled expression.

"LOOK out!" he said. "Someone's coming—slip it!" and he darted out of the backway. Following, with the bag in one hand, a boot in the other, and with one foot shod, the big man, who, though now thoroughly scared, had heard nothing, stumbled as best he could. But of his companion he saw nothing. Somewhere a cock crowed. . . .

In that same flat some half an hour later the little rat-faced man was lathering his face, occasionally whistling snatches of a refrain. The scents of coffee and frying bacon came from an adjoining room, and presently a girl, with hair as yellow as ripe corn, came to the doorway, and stood there, one hand on the handle, smiling at him.

"You managed that pretty well, Sid, didn't you? I didn't hear a thing . . . . not a whisper!"

Sid winked his eye heavily.

"I found a beauty. He took some finding though. Just fell into my hands like a ripe plum. I bet he's pleased. After all, there *was* a few quids' worth of stuff there. All I hope is that he doesn't get nabbed! That *would* put the tin lid on it."

"Oh, I hope not! What sort of man was he, Sid?"

"Gentleman gone wrong. In spite of some yarn he told me about being a carpenter—I twigged his accent sometimes. He put it on heavily in parts—dropped aitches all round. I'm nearly ready, dear. Wait a minute, though ——."

He wiped his face and went out into the hall. Presently his voice could be heard speaking into the telephone.

"Police, please—yes, quickly as you can. Are you the Police? There's been a burglary here. Please send an officer to investigate at once. I've lost a lot of valuable property. Mostly my wife's jewellery . . . very upset about it . . . very heavy loss. . . . Yes, this morning. No, we didn't hear the thief—asleep at the time."

And when he returned he remarked with a smirk:

"Good thing all this valuable property was insured!"

They both laughed heartily.

With his mouth full of bacon he added: "I'll ring up the insurance company presently."

MR. JAMES BOOTH HEYNES, discussing the affair with an intimate friend over lunch, took a long draught from his tankard and said:

"Take a tip from me, old boy, if you want local colour, get it second-hand! There was I, scared stiff, holding the 'boodle' and with only one boot on and that unlaced—hopping out into a strange half-dark yard, expecting every minute to get caught. My heart was fluttering like a sparrow—I really had blue funk. All the time I was wondering—not what I should do—but what I should say. How could I explain? It's all very well to have the *intention* of returning the stuff, but what magistrate would believe me if I was in the box? They'd laugh—and yet it was done before.

"A burglar sent back his spoils—I've the cutting here to prove it. All the same, if I'd been caught (thank God, I wasn't—here's health, boy!)—*if* I'd been caught not even an intelligent 'Beak' would believe that I did it with intent to prove that history can repeat itself. As for the other criminal who helped, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't live in those flats. He knew his way about too well. He puzzled me.

"Anyway—come and help me pack the 'swag,' will you? I'm going to post it to the Police. They'll laugh when they see this, because the whole lot's junk."

He took out his fountain pen and tore a piece from the menu card on which he printed the words, "CONSIENCE MONEY."

Then he looked up with a whimsical smile. "Somebody will be surprised," he said.

J. T.

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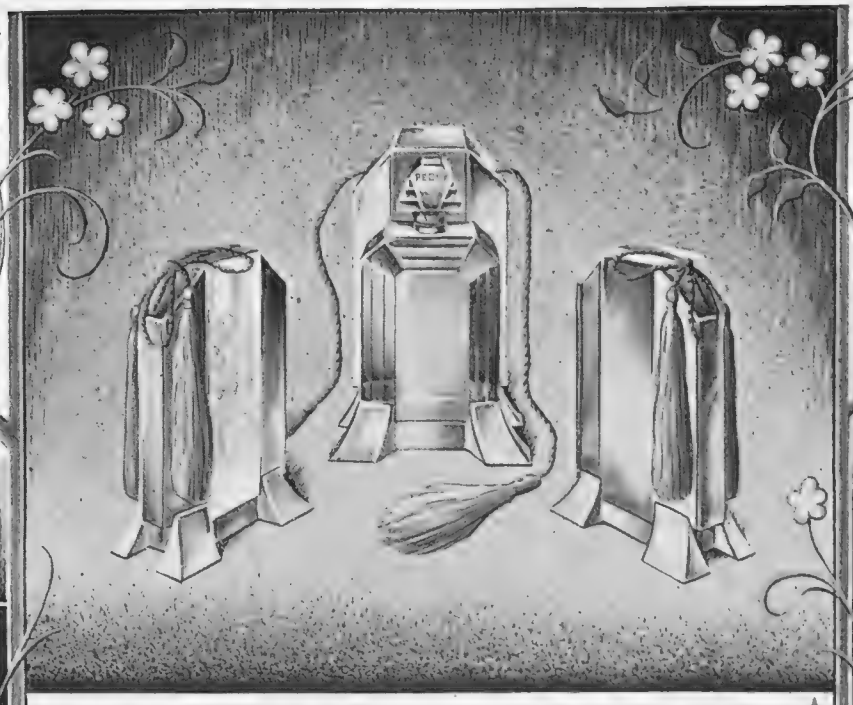

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FILM NOTES

A FILM of OLD PERU

By Lady Eleanor Smith

Betty Compson as Freddy, the poor little out-of-work violinist, who eventually becomes the attraction at a fashionable restaurant, in "The Street Girl," which is now showing at the New Gallery

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

THE screen adaptation of Thornton Wilder's curious book has, on the whole, proved itself to be a fruitless and unsatisfactory experiment. It is not, I think, humanly possible to depict, by a series of moving photographs, however beautiful, a story the essential quality of which is not so much the dramatic shattering of the bridge, but rather a deep and moving sense of poetry, which, expressed as it is in delicate and fastidious language, makes this book stand out as something refreshingly rich and vivid and rare.

READERS of the novel will remember that on the feast day of St. Louis in 1714 the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travellers into the gulf below. The accident was witnessed by a Franciscan missionary, Brother Juniper, who immediately asked himself, "Why did this thing happen to these particular people?" and, since he found himself unable to answer the question, thereupon made the resolve to delve into the secret lives of these five persons with the object of afterwards compiling, for the edification of his flock, a tome which was to illustrate the intentions of God as applied to the five victims.

BROTHER JUNIPER wrote his tome, with the result that it was pronounced heretical, and both he and it were subsequently burnt at the stake—an important dénouement which is completely omitted from the film, where instead we are treated to close-ups of the Franciscan preaching from the pulpit of Lima Cathedral, which he would most certainly not have been invited to do by the Archbishop.

THE principal characters of the story are, of course, the five who were killed on the bridge—the Marquésa de Montemayor, a rich, drunken old woman who adored an indifferent married daughter living far away in Spain, and who wrote to her letters which were miracles of wit and beauty; Pépita, her little companion, an orphanage girl who sighed for the peace of her convent; Estéban, the youth who longed for death because his brother had died before him; and Uncle Pio, devoted manager of the actress Perichole, who was at the time conducting her little son to Lima away from his mother, who lay sick of the smallpox at her country estate.

THE Perichole was the mistress of the Viceroy, but she had long been worshipped from afar by Manuel, the elder twin, while Estéban, who had never before been debarred from a secret, suffered torments of jealousy and unhappiness. Finally, Manuel wounded his knee; it was neglected; it putrefied, and he died in delirium, cursing his twin brother, whom he imagined to be keeping away from him the indifferent and unconscious actress. The Perichole, incidentally, had her own problems; she had grown grand, and tired of the stage; she wished to become a "lady," and finally pestered the Viceroy into buying her a villa in the country to which she had no sooner retired than she developed smallpox. Uncle Pio cared only for the Perichole

Colleen Moore, who will shortly be seen in a new First National production called "Footlights and Fools"

PRODUCERS WHO PANDER TO FILM TRADITION

and for the poetry of Calderón; the disappearance of his pupil meant that he would no longer be able to instruct her in these verses which he so revered; he, too, like Estéban, was tired of life when he set out to cross the bridge of San Luis Rey.

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THE Marquésa de Montemayor had become a weary, garrulous, tipsy and disillusioned old woman; she knew that she would never again see her beloved daughter, and was probably indifferent to her fate. The only two, in fact, who crossed the bridge gladly were Pépita, the orphan, who at last perceived an opportunity of regaining the convent, and the little son of the actress, who was presumably childishly excited by the idea of a visit to Lima.

for instance, the accident to Manuel, who in the book wounded his knee against a piece of iron, is at once transformed into a wild scene where he storms at the door of the Perichole and is flung by this energetic lady down a steep flight of steps as a reward for his importunate ardour.

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WORSE is to come. Pépita, the little orphan, had only one idea in her head: the convent. She revered the benevolent Mother Superior of this institution and fretted to return there every day. In the film she is for some unknown reason made to fall madly in love with the other twin, Estéban, with the inevitable result that an unpardonable dream sequence exhibits her, attired in a sumptuous wedding-dress, fondling the phantom figure of her beloved until she suddenly remembers the convent, and is revealed once more in a home-spun nightgown. I presume that this monstrous interlude was inserted for two reasons:—

(*a*) The American film producer is apparently incapable of understanding that any two young people can possibly see each other without immediately falling in love;

(*b*) The fans of Miss Raquel Torres no doubt insisted upon her wearing, during the course of the picture, at least one pretty dress.

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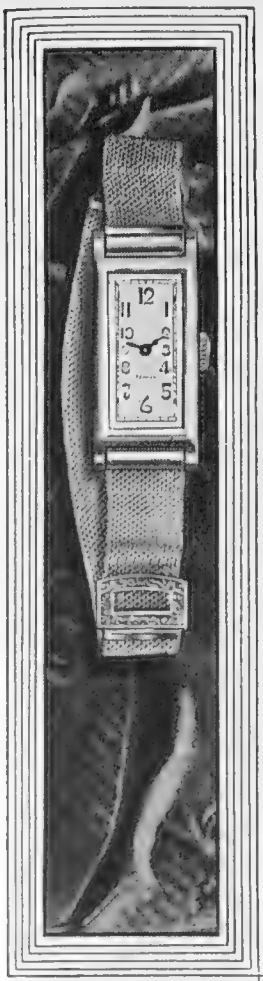
THE actual fall of the bridge is a masterpiece of camera magic, and indeed the photography is brilliant throughout. This film is silent, save for a prologue and epilogue, during the course of which Henry B. Walthall, as Brother Juniper, unburdens himself of those doubts which have been disturbing him. Emily Fitzroy is excellent as the Marquésa, and Raquel Torres, as Pépita, contrives to look always exactly right. Ernest Torrance is a jovial Uncle Pio, and the twins are splendidly played by Don Alvarado and Duncan Renaldo. Jane Winton, as the Marquésa's daughter, makes no effort whatsoever to cope with the complicated coiffeur of the period.

E. S.

This picture of a scene at the Nigerian tin mine was filmed not in the wilds but on the sands near Blackpool. Matheson Lang is in this new British film, "The Blue Peter," taken from the play by E. Temple Thurston

IT may well be imagined that the film people have more than once floundered out of their depths in attempting to wrestle with the subtleties of the Wilder novel. Their initial fault is a large one: save for one moment they never once succeed in capturing the slovenly Latin atmosphere of eighteenth century Peru, which shows the agonised flight into the cathedral of those who witnessed the crashing of the bridge. Otherwise the action of the film might take place in almost any country and in any century. The American love of exaggerating and dramatising the most simple events is never more apparent than in this film, where,

Matheson Lang as David Hunter, a mining engineer who always has the wanderlust on him to leave his wife and return to Africa, in one of his humorously domesticated moments. "The Blue Peter," a new British Filmcraft production, will be released this month



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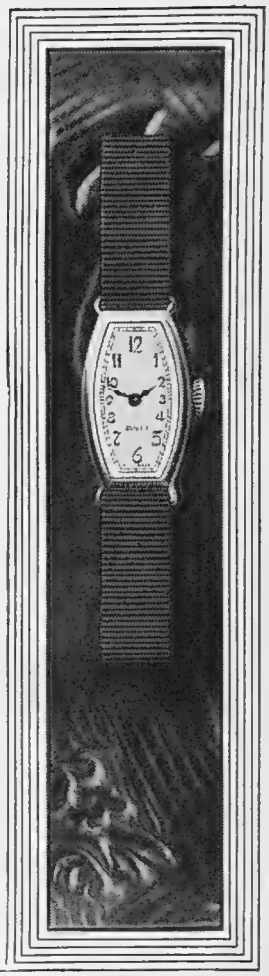

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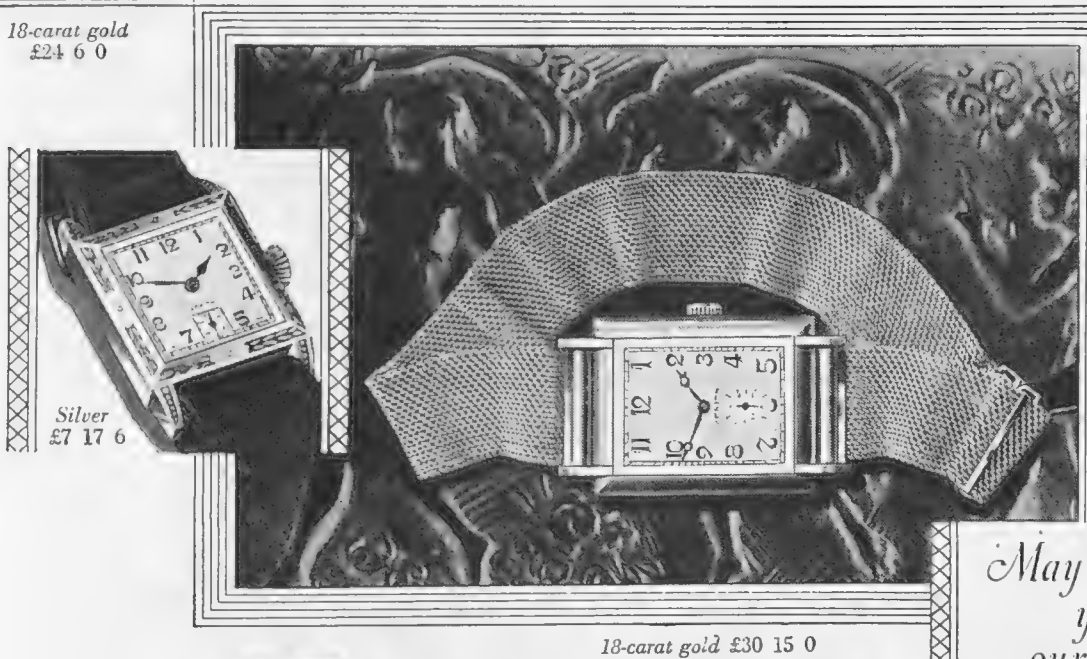

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TWO POIGNANT PLAYS

THAT plays need not necessarily be filled with humour if they are to succeed has been proved by the success of "Jew Süss," the powerful and colourful costume play by Ashley Dukes, in which Matheson Lang has scored a triumph at the Duke of York's. "The Rising Sun," which was recently produced at the Kingsway, is another play which is of outstanding power, and the story of the optimistic shopkeeper's struggles and trials is told with a stark realism that lifts its far out of the ruck of ordinary plays

A strong scene from the Dutch domestic drama, "The Rising Sun," at the Kingsway Theatre, showing, from left to right, Ian Fleming, Angela Baddeley and George Elton

Here is pictured "Jew Süss," at the Duke of York's, when the Jew (Matheson Lang, centre) greets his guests at the Fancy Dress Ball given in his mansion

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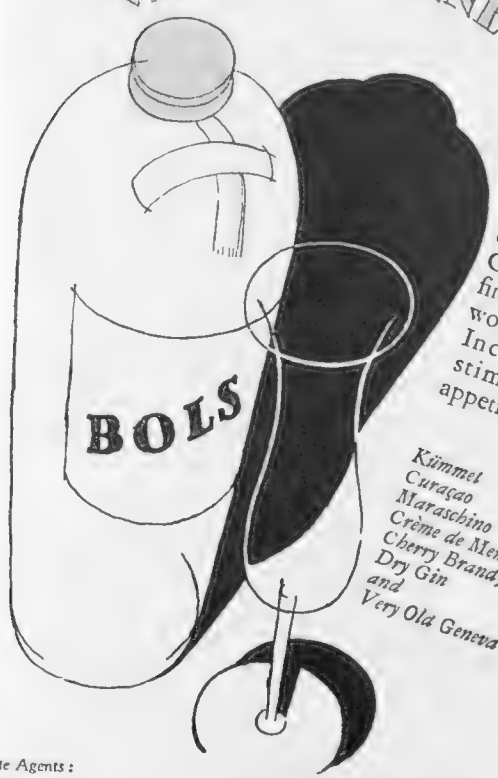

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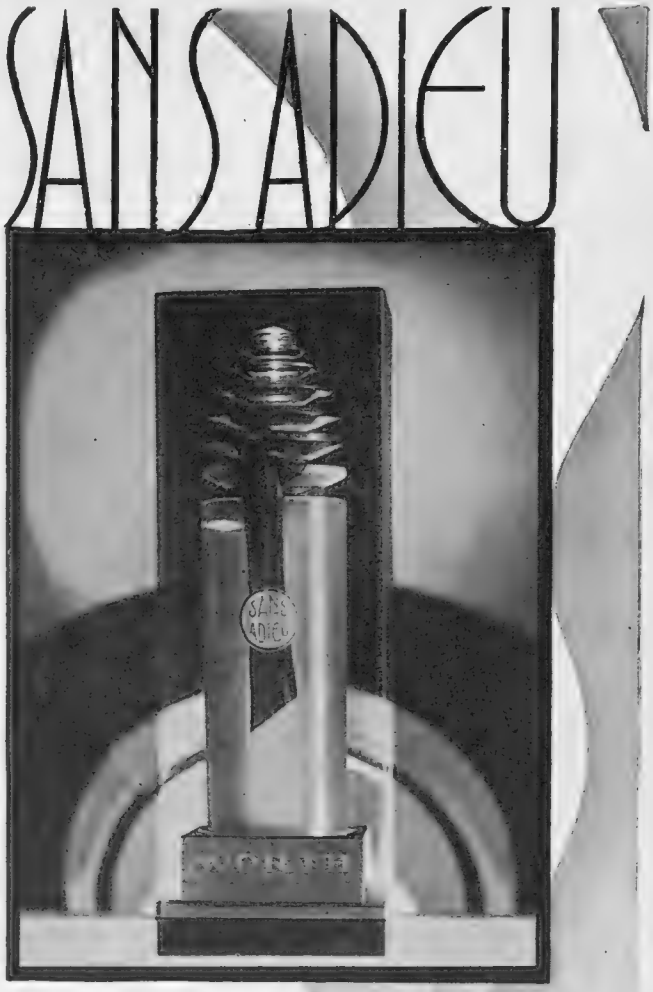

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

ONE MAN AND FIVE WOMEN

MR. LOUIS MARLOW

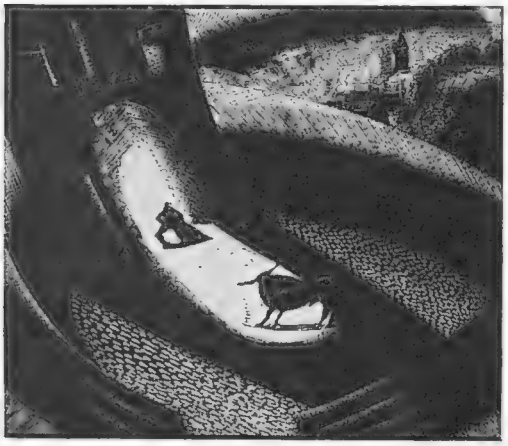
Whose book, "Love by Accident" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed in this number

By Ralph Straus

THE modern young woman continues to fill the stage. The Sunday newspapers—those faithful "guides" to public opinion—regularly devote columns to her virtues and (alleged) vices. One week it will be argued that she is quite as adorably feminine as ever she was; and the next somebody will deplore (for a nice fat fee) her cool hardness, her unnatural dislike of tradition, her cocktails, and her little bag (of tricks) without which she dare not stir abroad. But what of the modern young man? The poor fellow rarely gets more than a short paragraph to himself, unless Cambridge beats Oxford at something or other, or a team of our footballers is badly beaten by Czecho-Slovakian policemen, when, of course, it is possible to repeat all the old tags about our degenerate youth.

THE modern young man, however, is not without interest. He may not possess all the hardier virtues, he may be a little work-shy, and too fond of having a good time, he may even find "love" less exciting than exceeding the speed limit; but he does not mind occasionally using his brains, and on the whole he is a rather more logical person than his pre-war predecessors. All of which brings me to an excellent example of him in a new novel—rather a naughty book, by the way—which ought to infuriate all nice young women, even of the most modern kind.

THE author of *Love by Accident* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.) is Louis Marlow, but I happen to know that that is not his real name. As a matter of fact, Mr. "Marlow" in private life is a scholastic person who lectures all over the country to earnest young people of both sexes: a most respectable gentleman. Archdeacons gravitate naturally towards him, and inspectors of schools are amongst his greatest admirers. . . . Yes, I now understand why a pseudonym is necessary. *Love By Accident* is not what you might call an archidiaconal novel, and even Bishops should be a little wary of it. And yet it is quite a serious book, and this in spite of the fact that on the surface it seems to be just a succession of brilliant trivialities.



The artistic woodcut which is reproduced on the cover of "Unromantic Spain." This striking book, by Mario Praz, is published by Alfred A. Knopf, Ltd., at 10s. 6d.

BRIEFLY, it is the history of a personable young man whose misfortune it is to send young women more or less "wild." Up hill and down dale—the geography is slightly incorrect, but no matter—do they pursue the poor boy, and it is only by a miracle that he escapes. Then what sort of a nincompoop, you ask, is this miserable fellow, this frightened worm, this travesty of an honest-to-God-he-man? And surely the women who run after him must be pretty poor specimens of their sex?

WELL, Tony is not really a worm at all; on the contrary, he is quite a decent sort. It is only that his "surroundings" have been against him. You are shown him in all sorts of tight corners with the ladies, but you are also shown him in his earlier years, and then you begin to realise how inevitable his history is. Moreover, when the time comes, and the right young woman presents herself—fortuitously, in a restaurant—Tony is ready enough to be as "reg'lar a feller" as any film magnate could demand.

THIS is a most diverting book. It is spiced with wit, up to date and sparkling throughout. There are some scenes in it which are almost farcical, but behind the fooling there is always that more serious note which I have mentioned. You may remember *Mr. Amberthwaite* and its much abused but very popular successor, *Two Made Their Bed*. *Love By Accident* is by far the best of the three, and, providing that you are not an archdeacon, it seems to me that you must find it extraordinarily entertaining.

WHEN, however, I turn from Mr. "Marlow" to Mr. Michael Arlen, it is rather a different story. The publishers of *Babes in the Wood* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) are good enough to inform me that this is "the most remarkable book the author has yet written. It deals with five women. Each woman is presented with a frankness and intimacy that might shock but for the author's insight and delicacy." Well, it seems to me that even an archdeacon would find it hard to be shocked by any of these five sketches. Delicacy I dare say there is, and insight, too, but precious little else. I read all the five stories, but was never more than mildly interested. Thin affairs, all of them, and one, at least, sadly reminiscent of a once-popular play.

WHO are these five women, presented with such "frankness and intimacy"? The beautiful Priscilla likes unsuccessful authors, and once slept for two hours while the young Armenian writer who became a naturalised Englishman—not, we are warned, Mr. Arlen—held her hand. Miss Harriet Poe, an American heiress, plays with a Frenchman, an American living in Paris, and a Spanish Duke, whom she ultimately marries, though she is really in love with a Russian. Marie Therèse is a widow who refuses to marry the political Mr. Toppin because she does not think marriage is good for him. Mrs. Ley is a "light" lady who behaves in the usual light way. And Mrs. Sandal adopts the methods of Lady Frederick to send her young man away.

(*Continued on page 214*)

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 212)

READABLE stuff, but no more. Where the remarkability comes in I do not know. And I am afraid that Mr. Arlen, who has written one or two good novels, is tending to repeat himself. There are some amusing passages in these sketches, but I seem to have read them all before in Mr. Arlen's own work. I recommend him to Mr. Marlow's book. Perhaps he will give us—for a change—a young man instead of five women! Or would he be afraid of losing some of his public? R. S.

Books and Their Authors

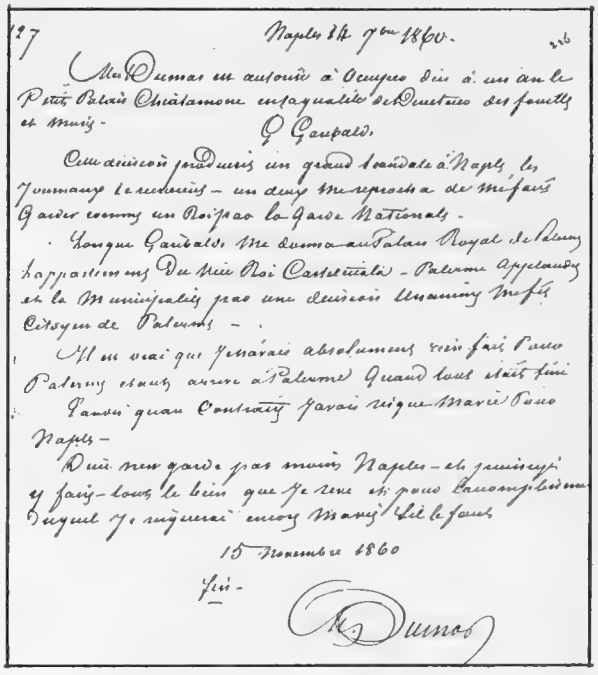
Constables have just published *The Sanfield Scandal*, by Richard Keverne. The secret of the Sanfield scandal was also the secret of the castle ruin at the little town of Burgrave on the Suffolk Coast. We are told that Mr. Keverne can write a thrilling mystery story about something other than a murder; and this new book of his proves once more that the now over-worked theme of unexplained murder is not essential to a tale of excitement and adventure.

S

Small Rain is the title of a new book by Leslie Storm, to be published on October 31st by Cassells, and we hear that the romance concerns a young man and girl whose love survived the harsh trial of separation and misunderstanding, and was finally perfected after years of lonely waiting. The story begins amid the mists and sea breezes of Cornwall and culminates in the sunshine and glow of the Riviera.

S

Held unpublished by her family for more than fifty years *The Intimate Journal of George Sand* will, on October 25th, be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate The volume contains miscellaneous writings of George Sand which have not before been published in England. Aurore Sand contributes some introductory notes.



The above is a copy of one of the pages of manuscript of the new Dumas book which Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., are publishing. The manuscript, which is entirely in Dumas' own handwriting, is "On Board the Emma," which records the adventures which the author enjoyed on Garibaldi's yacht

Gawain Edwards sets a new fashion in scientific adventure stories in his novel *The Earth Tube*, picturing a Pan-Hemispheric War, a mighty struggle of the future. In a life and death conflict between the countries of Asia and America he shows the Eastern hordes attacking the Western world by means of a gigantic tube driven through the centre of the earth. The tube is protected by undulal, a secret metal that withstands all attempts to destroy it. So it is in search of a formula that will destroy undulal that King Henderson, a courageous young scientist, penetrates the stronghold of the Asian Emperor. We can imagine this book, which will be published by Appleton's in November, will be full of thrilling adventures.

S

Coutts': The History of a Banking House, will be published shortly by Murrays. Coutts' Bank in London originated in the 17th century within a stone's thrown of its present home in the Strand. The known importance of its customers and the personality of many of its partners have always attracted public interest, but no historical account of the house has previously been attempted.

S

Macmillans have just published *Whiteoaks*, a new story by Miss Mazo de la Roche, the Canadian novelist whose work came into special prominence with the publication of *Jalna*. We are told that the members of the Whiteoak family of Jalna reappear in the new book and show no diminution of tribal consciousness and ruthless vitality, while the spell of the old red-brick house still exercises its potent influence on the strangely assorted characters.

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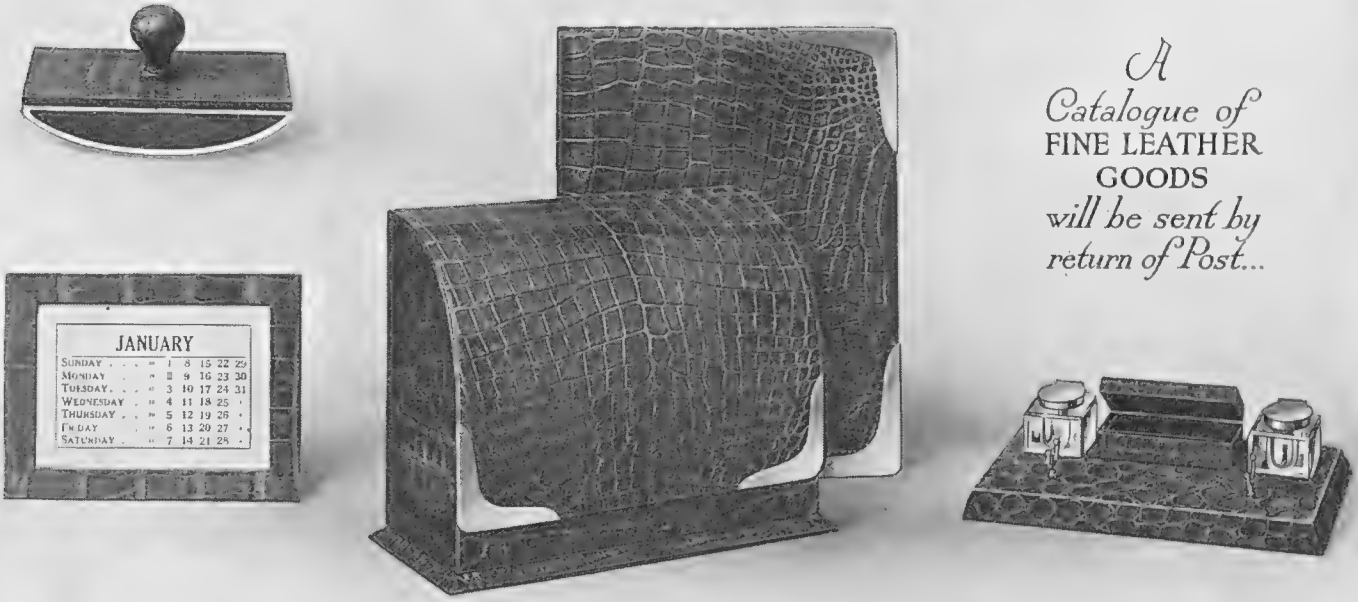

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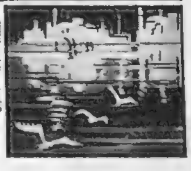
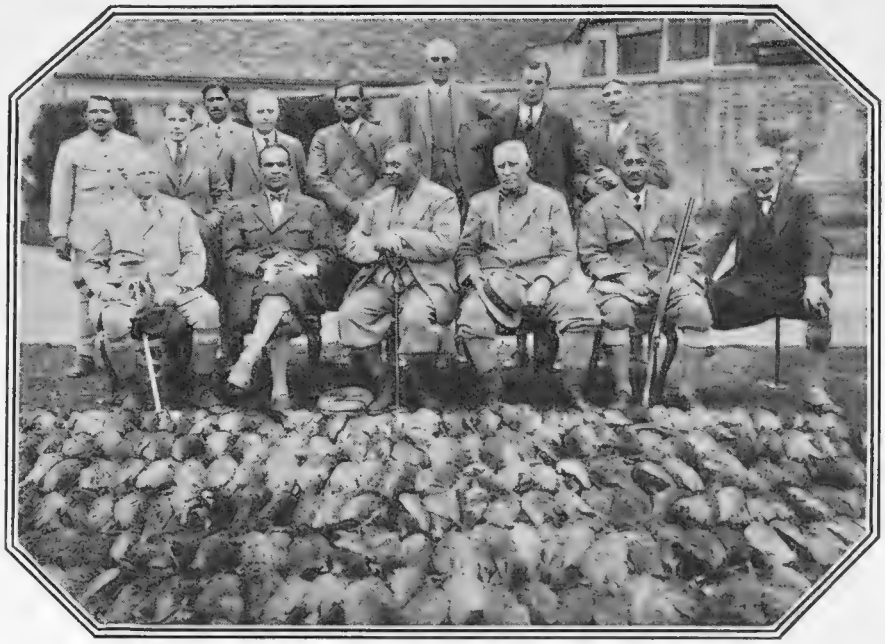


SHOOTING NOTES



Members of the shoot given by the famous sportsman H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, who is known to all cricket lovers as "Ranji," at Swaffham Prior, with their bag. Included in the group are the host and Sir Edward Buck, Dr. Hensman, H.H. of Alwar, and Mr. A. D. Sadler

WHAT NEWS from the NORTH?

By "Clodhopper"

ALTHOUGH partridge-driving is now in full swing and exceptionally fine sport is being enjoyed in every cultivated district favoured by "the little brown bird," the abundance of grouse on the Yorkshire and Scottish moors proved so great an attraction that many shooting parties delayed journeying South until considerably later in the season than usual. So far as I have been able to ascertain the record bag of Scottish grouse shot this season was made on the Grantley Castle moors, Perthshire, by Earl Beatty's party of six guns. During three days' shooting in the first week of the present month 2,566 grouse and various other birds were killed on this moor, the figures being as follows: First day, 716; second day, 952; third day, 898 head. The total shows an average of 71½ brace per gun a day—a total which will, no doubt, cause much weeping and gnashnig of teeth amongst the "anti-bloodsport league," whose knowledge of shooting and field sport generally is gained between wind and weatherproof walls.

BY the way, why is it we hear so little about the grouse-shooting results obtained on some of the more important Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors? The notable bags shot on such famous moors as Wemmergill, Blubberhouses, Broomhead, High Force and Studley Royal are, of course, reported, but there are not a few other good moors in the North of England, which, in such a bumper season as this, must have afforded first-rate sport, but of which little or nothing is heard. Many of the shootings in question are nowadays in the hands of Midland and North Country business magnates, to some of whom, perchance, the problem of stopping driven-birds is difficult to solve, for there is much truth in the idiom, "Good shots are born, not made." Still, if only for the sake of the bag, one or two good shots are almost invariably included in a modern grouse or partridge-driving party, and therefore it is passing strange that we receive so few grouse-shooting results from the Northern Counties.

HARKING back to partridges and partridge-driving. Remembering that two years ago, owing to a disastrous season of nidification, partridges were so scarce that many of the prinicpal manors remained unshot, while a special inquiry into the cause of the serious shortage of birds was held, the extraordinary increase in the number and strength of the coveys of partridges, within a couple of seasons, speaks volumes for the marvellous hardihood and recuperative powers of what might be called "our national game bird." It is good to learn that not only is there a splendid head of partridges on the famous manors and sporting estates of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Hampshire, but also that the birds have increased and multiplied to an astonishing degree since last year in the North of England, the Midlands and the Home Counties. To bear out the latter fact I may mention that last week I participated in two days' driving on a certain extensive mixed shooting in Essex. The aggregate bag totalled rather more than 75 per cent. better than that shot by the same number of guns during the two best days of last season, and about 25 per cent. better than any previous result of two days' partridge-driving on the same shooting since 1922. Partridges were exceptionally plentiful on the marshes, but so wild were they that it was futile attempting to walk them up, and, as these dyke and fleet intersected lands do not lend themselves to driving, the birds inhabiting the same were left undisturbed. As a rule the bag of partridges shot here is augmented by a few couple of mallard, teal, and snipe. At the present time, however, most of the marsh dykes are, owing to the recent long drought, bone-dry, and very few duck have been killed since August.

A HAVANT sportsman writes me to the effect that Sir Godfrey Watson and six other guns recently killed 195½ brace of partridges in rather less than six hours' driving over 800 acres of Longparish manor. This record, coupled with the report of over 2,000 brace having been accounted for on another estate in the same county in two days' shooting, points to the fact that Hampshire can boast rather more than her full complement of partridges this season.

WE on this side of St. George's Channel are, perhaps, more apt to asociate Ireland with snipe and snipe bogs than with red deer and deer forests. The news, therefore, of a sixteen-pointer having been killed by that keen young sportsman, the Hon. Rupert Baring, in the Earl of Kenmare's forest of Derricunnihy, Co. Derry, will come as rather a surprise to many an Englishman who has been wont to regard the Scottish Highlands as *the* habitat of British wild red deer. Mr. Baring's magnificent trophy in regard to both head and weight out-records the big Glenfiddich stag of 21 stone clear, which was reported in these Notes a few weeks ago.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING HINT

ARTISTRY IN PHEASANT SHOOTING

THERE are some who would make out that pheasant shooting is easy, nevertheless the real master of the art displays a lot of style and kills his birds so cleanly that they are markedly easy to gather when the beat is ended. The prime complication about pheasant shooting is that the bird is frequently seen before the time comes for shooting. Those who fall under the temptation to raise the gun and sort of wait for it to come into range make a mistake. By all means shoot full early, but let the action itself be crisp. Many wait for a bird to come plumb overhead: they would do far better to cultivate the distant approaching shot, gradually feeling their way forward so that if the second barrel is needed the bird is still dropped in front of the stand. To attain first-class standard a man must learn to observe where the shot has struck. The front half of a pheasant's silhouette is nearly all neck, so that for nearish shots where the pattern spread is little more than a foot diameter a hit well forward—incidentally the deadliest of all—does not injure the carcase. A smashing blow on the body can always be heard. When range exceeds thirty yards the central hit is needed. Apart from good aim, skill resides in judging distance and pace so accurately that the needful forward allowance is automatically applied, the cluster of pellets time after time striking the desired area. There is no better tonic than a sense of shame when something just short of a miss in front is needed and the full body hit occurs.

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Stuarts

DOGS

THE BEST BELOVED

By "The Kennelman"

Miss Brunton arriving with her Salukis at the annual Saluki Hound Show. It was held at Tattersall's, in Knightsbridge

THAT very convenable little man-about-town, the French Bulldog, like his Belgian confrère the Griffon, would seem to be gaining favour steadily in England. He has a whole Show to himself to-day (Wednesday) at the St. Marylebone Hall, N.W.1; sure to be well attended, for he's an entertaining host, and has many fashionable friends. There's also a good Show to-day at Rochester; and next Wednesday will bring another at Portsmouth, and in London, at the White City, the Metropolitan Police Dog Show.

THE Griffon, by the way, figures in the jolly little new Dog book by Mr. E. V. Lucas: "If Dogs Could Write," in which the top of the bill is given to another sportsman: the Aberdeen Terrier. They have points in common in character as well as in the wiry coats both favour. Humorous philosophers, they both have a touch of agreeable cynicism, a pawky kind of shrewdness, which makes them, like E. V. L.'s book itself, most pleasing companions for understanding admirers of Dogs. The Griffon has a way, in meditation, of thrusting out his moustache, which one is sure would appeal to the author of "If Dogs Could Write," and he is distinctly one of the Dogs who would approve of E. V. L. Like the Cocker and the Pekingese, he is one of the connoisseurs, almost, one might say, one of the essayists among Dogs.

THE British public shows characteristic stability in its choice of favourites among the eighty odd different breeds of Dogs, as was illustrated at the Kennel Club's record-breaking Show a fortnight ago. Loving sport and outdoor life, we demand the same bent in our dearest Dog friends; but, make no mistake, we demand also capacity to share the reflective joys: the yarn over a pipe-and-a-glass atmosphere. The double demand is finely met by Dogs of the breeds which topped the entries at the big Show in something like this order: Cockers, Irish Setters, Chows, Pekingese, Labradors, Fox Terriers (the Smooths are clearly winning back much of their old high favour), Cairns, Elkhounds, Dachshunds, Irish Wolfhounds, Sealyhams, and Scotties; jolly companions all for "in-a-doore or out."

VISITORS from Australia state that their Government's ban on Alsatians has been extended for a period of five years, the two grounds being given being sheep-killing propensities and the danger of inter-breeding with that pest of pastoral Australia, the Dingo.

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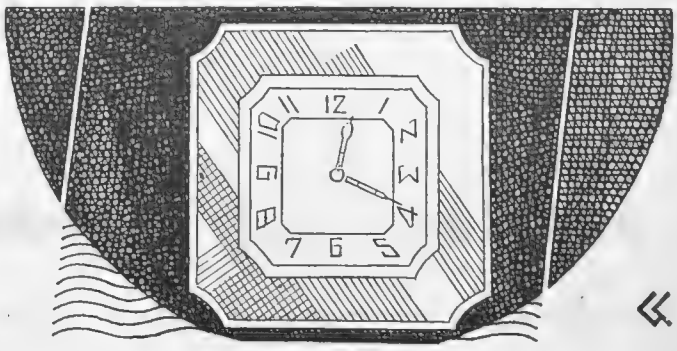

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Fashions Fancies

THE SUBTLE BEAUTY OF PERSIAN LAMB

Flat pelts are enjoying a tremendous vogue this season, and they afford an ideal medium for the art of the furrier. Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, sponsor this handsome coat, which any woman might covet. It is of black Persian lamb, cut on slender lines, and luxuriously trimmed with soft sable squirrel. The upstanding collar, which forms a long revers, and the very full pouched cuffs are extremely interesting

JEWELS AND GOWNS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM

Three artistic and very becoming coiffures created by Emile to accord with the lines of the newest dresses and hats

An Autumn Dream

A MILLION pounds' worth of wonderful jewels, made even more perfect by the beautiful dresses and furs with which they were worn, were shown by William Ogden, 4, King Street, in "An Autumn Dream of Dresses, Jewels, and Furs," which was staged in the ball-room of the Grosvenor House Hotel. In the Gem Scene alone one page carried on a salver jewels valued at half a million pounds, while £50,000 was the price of a large white diamond which was reputed to be the finest in England, with the exception of the Crown Jewels. Triangular clip-on brooches were effectively placed at the base of V-necked evening frocks; others, in the form of squares, circles, triangles, or baskets of flowers, composed of carved precious or semi-precious stones, adorning hats, coat lapels, or jacket sleeves. One lovely bracelet, which was a veritable masterpiece, consisted of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and onyx, set so as to form four Japanese landscapes in miniature. In the first there was a ship and a temple; in the second a little onyx man rowing a ruby boat beneath onyx trees with emerald boughs; next there was a house and an onyx and ruby bridge spanning an emerald river; while in the fourth section coloured jewelled lamps swung from tall green trees overhanging a lake.

Famous Milliners

VELOUR hats in the fascinating new dahlia and green shades, as well as in almost every other colour, were a very interesting feature of the Dress Show which was held at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street. They were perfect reproductions of Paris models by such famous designers as Jean Patou, Agnès, Le Monnier, Marie Alphonsine, and Rose Valois, and were amazingly priced at only 29*s.* 6*d.* Admirably cut tailor-mades, which faithfully followed Fashion's latest dictates, practical little morning frocks, and charming afternoon gowns and coats vied with evening dresses which evoked enthusiastic approval. Among the latter were georgette and lace or taffeta frocks for £4 9*s.* 6*d.*, copies of Paris models from £15 10*s.*, and original models which were offered at less than they cost to import.

An Interesting Collection

A VERY eager audience witnessed the display of day and evening dresses, wraps, and lingerie, at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus. It was a novel and excellent idea to present them in groups which ranged in price from 4 guineas up to 10½ guineas, and to show at the end just a few unpriced French models. In the first group a taffeta picture frock, trimmed with deep gold lace, and a brown and orange sports suit were particularly attractive. In the 5½-guinea class a black velvet ensemble, trimmed with white fur and ermine tails, was outstandingly successful, as were a black faced cloth coat, enriched with grey lamb, for 6 guineas, and a very graceful yellow chiffon dress at 8½ guineas. This was cut on sheath lines, with swaying panels which touched the floor at the back.

Coiffures and Couturiers

THAT modern coiffures follow the trend of the new gowns, and are artistically arranged to add to the distinction of the hats which crown them, is very clearly demonstrated by the sketch which appears in the centre of the group at the head of this page, where the hair is allowed to fall in careless ringlets on the neck—a vogue for which Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, predicts a great success, because it looks so well with low-backed gowns. On the left the hair clusters on the nape of the neck, in neat curls, the third coiffure showing very wide, loose waves which have a supremely natural and very youthful appearance. The hair is fairly long, and is loosely caught together at the back.

Exquisite Trousseaux

MADAME JAMES, the well-known corsetière, whose salons in Old Burlington Street were always filled with exquisite negligées and trousseaux, has moved to more commodious premises at 84, Mount Street, whence she extends a cordial invitation to all readers of THE BYSTANDER. Sketched on this page is one of her crêpe de Chine wraps, in a delicate apricot shade. It is very cosy and light, and is boldly embroidered in chain stitch. Her cocktail suits are a joy to behold, as are her trousseaux, beautifully embroidered and adorned with the new Racine lace.

Delicate apricot crêpe de Chine, beautifully embroidered in chain stitch, is used for this warm wrap from Madame James

Sketches by Beta

BY FOUET

"Business good, mate?"
"Naow, it's fair rotten. It's these 'ere talkies wots ruining the profession!"

A beautiful study exhibited at the Viennese School of Art. The model, who is one of the most famous on the Continent, has posed for the leading artists and is employed by the Dresden Porcelain industry as a model for their delicate and beautiful work, which is world-famous

FLYING NOTES

"SAFETY FIRST" in the AIR By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Tail End of the Season

THIS paragraph might have been called with equal point "the tail end of 'PT,'" but as there are probably several people who have not met "PT," the Newcastle Club's old Cirrus Moth, perhaps I ought to explain at once that it carried off all the first prizes at the last meeting of the season, the tail end being that part always in view to the other competitors. The races for the Challenge Cups given by the Air League, the S.B.A.C., and the late Lord Edward Grosvenor, are all handicap affairs, noted for their close finishes. Whether "PT" was rather better oiled than usual, in addition to being inspired by one of the latest poetic spirits, no one knows, but it won the first race piloted by Mr. N. S. Todd, a club member, and after being pulled up by the handicappers it won the second, piloted by Dr. Dixon, also a member, and defeated the gentleman with the slide rule yet a third time under the capable guidance of Mr. G. S. Kemp, the club's instructor. This Moth originally belonged to Lord Ossulston, who sold it to the club when he bought a Gipsy Moth, and after being badly crashed it was rebuilt by De Havillands. The "Martlet," a new type driven by an A.B.C. "Hornet," gave a particularly clean display of aerobatics with Mr. H. H. Leech in the cockpit, and Mr. R. R. Cazalet's "Widgeon" with a "Hermes" engine put up the fastest time of the day at 111 miles an hour—quite a high average for an ordinary touring light 'plane.

The British airship R101, the largest in the world, at Cardington just after her launching. Water ballast is seen being dropped as she rises to her mooring mast

An Aerial Tortoise

A SURFEIT of speed records during the past few months has made us blasé and apt to regard anything below 300 miles an hour as of no account. Many people will be surprised to hear that some of the best aeronautical brains are concentrating on the achievement of the lowest possible air speed, believing that the slow speed record is the greater prize. Neglecting for a moment such things as ornithopters, which have wings that flap, and auto-gyros with flaps that rotate, no normal modern machine has ever been landed at 20 miles an hour in calm weather. Similarly, an air speed of 40 miles an hour under perfect control on a rough day is something of a feat, and Major H. H. Cordes is to be congratulated on putting up a very fine performance in the Guggenheim Safety First Competition, now being held in the United States. The Handley Page people have incorporated every possible safety device, including, of course, the familiar "slot" in their machine the "Gugnunc," and, barring a freak entry, they should carry off the very substantial first prize.

Flying Hours

TIME was when a pilot who had done an hour and a half with a wary instructor was sent solo; after fifteen hours he went to France; and if he was lucky he came on leave as a veteran with two hundred hours to his credit. Nowadays pupils are nursed through ten, twenty, and sometimes more than thirty hours dual before they go "solo," whilst the old hands are now piling up thousands of hours. Some of Imperial Airways' pilots will soon top the ten thousand mark, which only shows you that the rough-and-ready methods of earlier days were sound—if you were lucky. What with Moths and slots and engines with no pops, the present-day pupil ought to fly by himself in half an hour, and no doubt he or she could commit solo quite creditably, but one must consider the club's insurance policy. Taking it all round, Captain Lamplugh has had a good summer with few crashes. The London Club's total flying time for September was 270 hours with six Moths, being followed by Hampshire with 215 hours on a mixed bag of a Cirrus Moth, a Gipsy Moth, an Avian, and a Spartan, a particularly good record with Mr. Dudley as the sole instructor.

Miss Auriol Lee, the producer of "Young Woodley" and "Diversion," leaving "The Golden Ray" at Le Bourget. She flew over to Paris to see the production of "Melo" at the Gymnase Théatre, discussed the London and American rights, and was back in Town within 24 hours

International Motor Exhibition at Olympia

With the disappearance of the touring car, opening roofs of one kind or another are being shown by nearly every maker. A good many of them, it must be admitted, are frankly ugly in varying degrees according to the type. The average sliding roof is painfully obvious, even when it is closed, the folding roof hideous when it is open. The fact is that the whole idea suffers from being a compromise. Makers are not sure whether the public really seriously wants this provision, and buyers are torn between the advantages of having an opening roof and the attractions of a smooth, unbroken roof line. It remains for the public to settle the point.

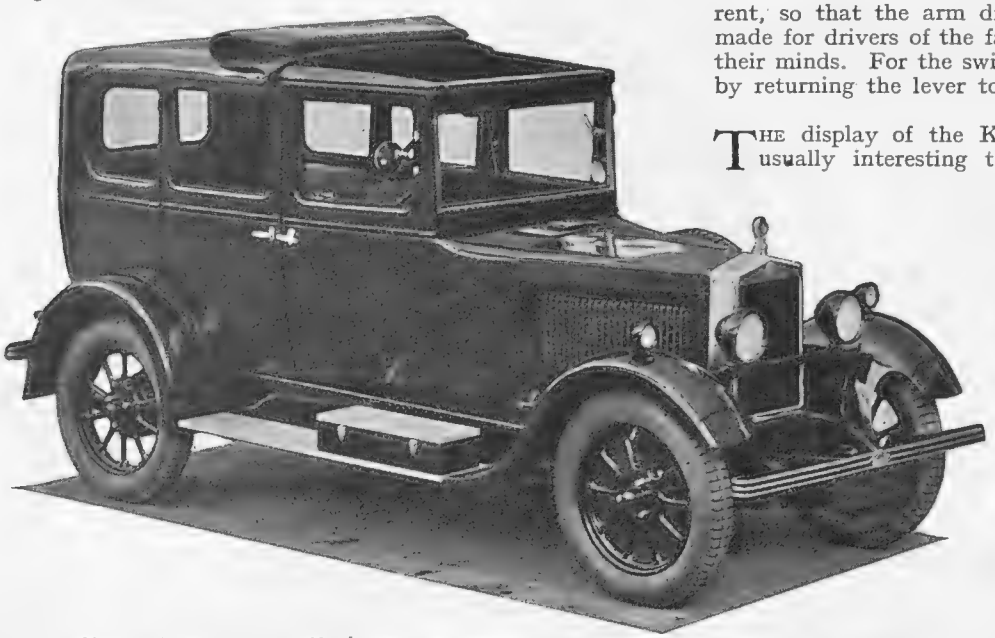
To judge of what I have seen at Olympia, only one maker (Gordon England) has succeeded in producing the almost perfect sliding roof. To picture it, imagine the roof fully open. The rectangular sliding piece stands on four short legs. These are carried on the guides, and I cannot claim that the roof looks pretty when fully open. But neither do any of these opening roofs. Its chief advantage comes when you close it.

The legs carry it forward and, as they approach the last few inches of travel, suddenly fold themselves up and steal away out of sight in the grooves, allowing the sliding section of the roof to sink gently into its place of rest, where it lies absolutely flush and undetectable. Reversing the process, to open one pushes upwards, upon which it rises on its four legs and begins to move backwards.

The following exhibits were reviewed in last week's number :—

Alvis	Lanchester
Austin	Lea-Francis
Barker	Minerva
Bentley	Morris
B.P.	Nash
Castrol	Riley
Crossley	Rolls-Royce
Daimler	Singer
Dunlop	Standard
Ferodo	Stutz
Graham-Paige	Sunbeam
Hillman	Swift
Hooper	Triplex
Horch	Wm. Turner
Humber	Willys Overland
Invicta	Wolseley

By E. M. Wright



Folding roofs are now available on even the cheapest Morris models : this shows the ever-popular Cowley Saloon

The mechanism is such that it will stay in any position and cannot rattle. This is a very important feature, because if left where it first rises it forms a clerestory roof with a ventilation passage of about four or five inches high all round. Now the disadvantage of most opening roofs is that they cannot be used to the full in a hot sun, that is to say, in overseas motoring conditions. It was, in fact, largely to overcome this drawback that Mr. Gordon England designed the England roof in this form. But to motorists in this country its chief charm is that when fully closed there is, even inside the saloon as one looks up at the cloth-covered ceiling, nothing to "give it away."

As suppliers of speedometers, clocks and nearly all these etceteras that add so much to the pleasure of having a car, Messrs. S. Smith and Sons (M.A.), Ltd., can always stage a fascinating display, and their exhibit at this Show is no exception. Amongst the new gadgets is a semi-automatic signalling device. To operate the usual electrically illuminated signal arm there is a lever carried just under the steering wheel, but once it has been moved to the right or left, as the case may be, the switching off is done by the return movement of the steering wheel from making the movement which has been signalled. For instance, when intending to turn to the right, one moves the lever to the right and the arm rises and lights up. One can then forget all about it, because on straightening up after the turn, the movement of the steering wheel operates a semi-automatic switch which turns off the current, so that the arm drops by itself. Provision is even made for drivers of the fair sex who may desire to change their minds. For the switch can be turned off at any time by returning the lever to the neutral position.

The display of the K.L.G. plug people is more than usually interesting this year, as in the last twelve months they have brought out a new type of plug for cars. It is something between the miniature plug used on certain racing cars and aeroplanes and the full-size variety with which you and I are familiar. A number of these medium-size plugs are shown on the stand. Few British motorists have any conception of the world-wide ramifications of the trade in K.L.G. plugs. Of course, the K.L.G. is the standard plug for aviation purposes, and one can understand that with the development of flying abroad, on the Continent for instance, there is a steady demand on this side of the K.L.G business. But it does not by any means stop there. At the recent

(*Continued on page iv*)

ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING

THE 20 H.P.

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE COMPANY is now able to offer and accept orders for chassis of the 20-h.p. type which, whilst retaining the sweetness and smooth-running qualities for which this car is so justly famous, will embody a larger engine giving increased power with consequent improved acceleration and hill climbing.

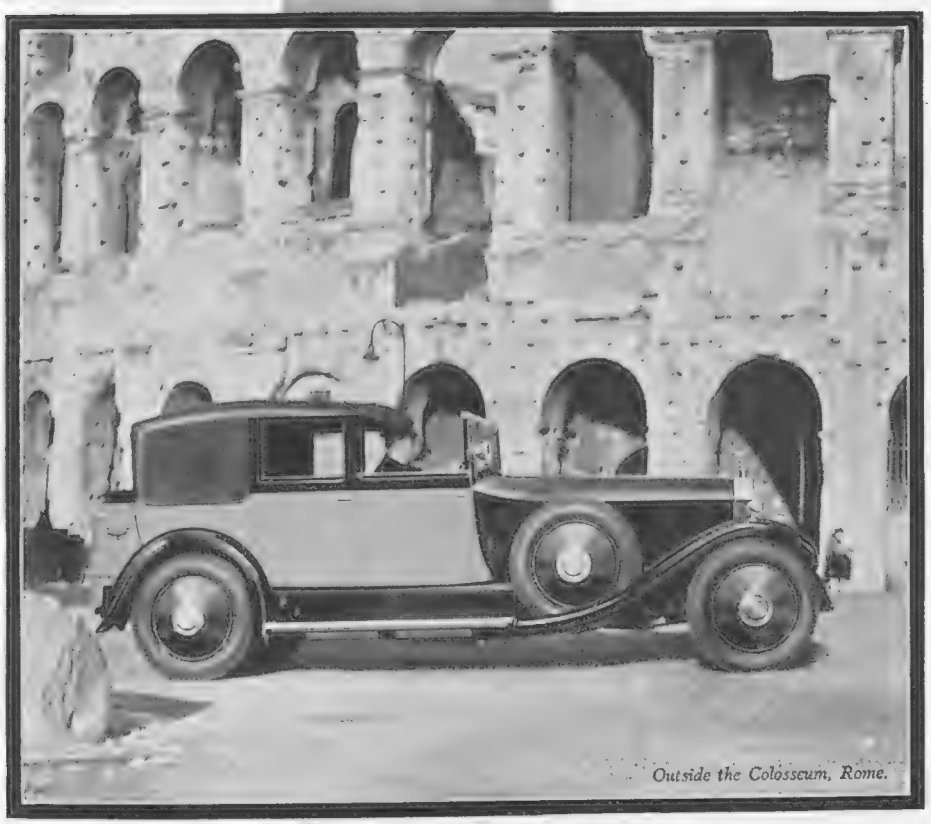
Chassis of this type will be known as THE **20-25** H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE
(R.A.C. rating 25·3. Tax £26)

For those who do not require this additional horse-power the Company will continue to manufacture the 20-h.p. chassis with the original size of engine, viz. R.A.C. rating 21·6, Tax £22.

BOTH CHASSIS will embody a system of CENTRALISED LUBRICATION and other modifications

THIS MODEL and the New 40-50 PHANTOM II will be exhibited on the Company's Stand and the Stands of leading Coachbuilders at OLYMPIA, October 17-26

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD 14-15 Conduit Street, London W.1 Mayfair 6040



Outside the Colosseum, Rome.

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

HOOPER & Co.
(Coachbuilders), Ltd.

AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders.

By Appointment to:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY
COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

By Appointment to:
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.
H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN.
H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.
H.M. THE KING OF EGYPT.
H.I.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

STAND NO. 85
MOTOR EXHIBITION, Oct. 17–26

54, St. JAMES'S STREET
PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1

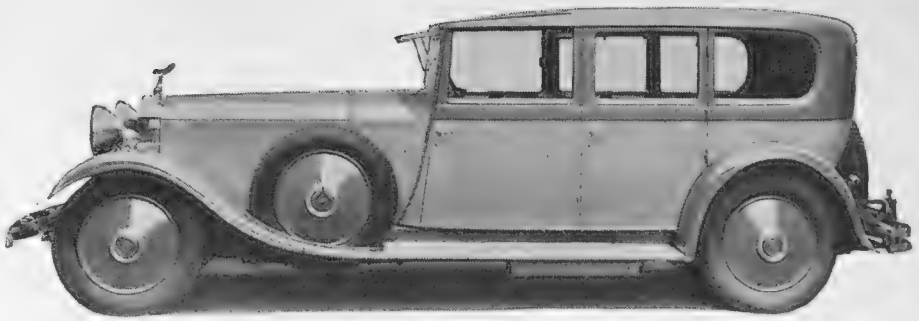
Kennington Service.

(*Continued from page* ii)

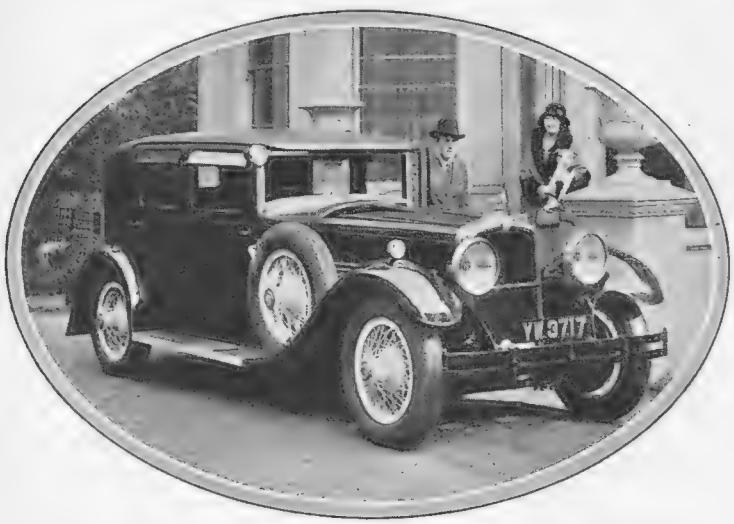
Paris Show I was surprised to learn that no fewer than 100,000 motor car plugs have been sold to France alone this year. And hitherto France has been the home of the sparking plug industry!

Rover, Stand 87

With the "Light Six" so much in vogue the Rover Company's newly introduced model in this popular class will prove of special interest to visitors to their stand (No. 87). Its power unit is exactly the same as that of the already well-known two-litre model, and the specifications of the two cars are very similar throughout, perhaps the most important difference being that the recently introduced four-speed gear box is only available—as an extra—on the two-litre chassis. A Light Six sportsman's saloon is exhibited. Representing standard two-litre models is a maroon Riviera saloon, the distinctive feature of all Riviera models on both the two-litre and 10.25 h.p. chassis being, of course, a folding head. Of the 10.25 h.p., four-cylinder range of Rover cars there is one example, a sportsman's coupé with folding head.



Barker Limousine de Ville on the new Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" chassis



Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares with their new Stutz supplied by Warwick Wright, Ltd.

Mercédès–Benz Stand 57

If a British car was the first to exceed 200 m.p.h., an enthusiastic German might counter with the claim that his country was the first to produce a standard model developing over 200 b.h.p. That is, of course, the Mercédès, and with their resounding success in this year's Ulster T.T. still such recent history the models shown by this concern at Olympia (Stand No. 57) are certain to attract a great deal of attention. Of the four that are exhibited the one which will particularly appeal to sporting motorists is the supercharged 38-250 h.p. six-cylinder, on which is mounted a light Weymann saloon body with two doors. The other three exhibits, though they do not possess the terrific power of this super-sports model, are yet definitely to be classed among high-powered cars.

(*Continued on page* vi)

THE SENSATION OF OLYMPIA

The New 18/50 STAR "Jason" Sportsman's Coupé by the Star Motor Co., Ltd., Wolverhampton: Stand No. 93

Here is a photograph of the new wonder car, the "Jason" model which is creating such a sensation at Olympia. In the first place it is a distinctive car, with a personality all its own. The "Jason" is made in an entirely new factory, recently built to meet the needs of modern individually built cars, under entirely new methods. The "Jason" will give thrilling acceleration and really remarkable road speeds. It has marvellous flexibility and road-holding powers, with a smoothness of riding and the safety of a braking system never before equalled on such a car. The "Jason" is upholstered for superlative comfort and provides an absolutely new sensation in luxurious motoring. British from stem to stern. Magnificent in body and in chassis, modest only in price Ask your agent.

Illustrated Show Folder of all Models by writing to

THE STAR MOTOR CO., LTD.,
WOLVERHAMPTON. **'Phone: 995.**
(Associated with Guy Motors, Ltd.)

"the occupants escaped without a scratch!"

PHONE: PRESTON 3037.
ROBIN HOOD GARAGE,
PROPRIETOR: C. E. WISE
MOTOR ENGINEERS.
ANY MAKE CAR OR MOTOR CYCLE SUPPLIED FOR CASH OR DEFERRED TERMS.
CARS DRIVEN AND GARAGED AT OWNER'S RISK
PATCHAM, Sept. 20 1929. 192
BRIGHTON.
R.A.C.

Messrs. The Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd.,
1, Albemarle St., Piccadilly, W. 1.

Dear Sirs,

You will be interested in the enclosed photograph of a Riley Saloon car which was completely wrecked near here in a recent collision with a charabanc.

The car was fitted throughout with Triplex glass and when we say that the occupants escaped without a scratch it is indeed a remarkable tribute to your product.

Yours faithfully,
Robin Hood Garage
Chesshire

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd. – and be safe!

Make sure it's Triplex: look for the 3 x's in a circle. This Trade Mark is on all genuine Triplex.

Regd. Trade Mark.

X XX

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1 ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W.1.

STAND 227 OLYMPIA

Olympia Proves the supremacy of

Willys PRODUCTS

STAND 55 OLYMPIA

WILLYS-KNIGHT
MODELS 66B & 70B
WILLYS OVERLAND
FOUR (Whippet) & LIGHT SIX

Willys KNIGHT Willys OVERLAND

Four-Door Saloon, Light Six, £295
70B, £395 66B, £650 4-Cylinder, £210

Fully illustrated literature on request.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LIMITED
HEATON CHAPEL STOCKPORT

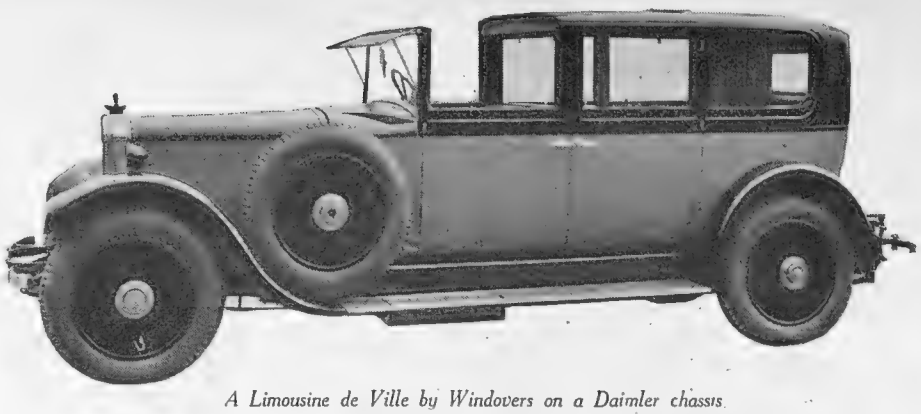
London Showrooms:
151/153, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1

C.D.C.

(Continued from page iv)

Auburn, Stand 16

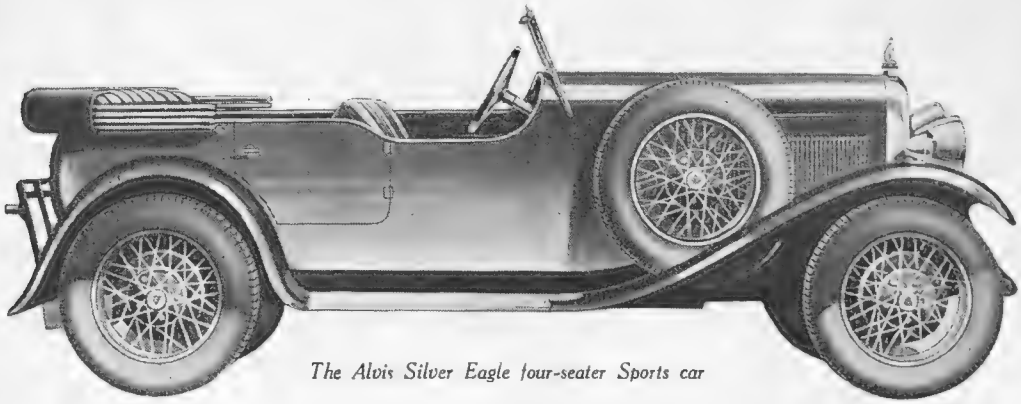
The Auburn (Stand No. 16) is one of the few American cars with any individuality not only of appearance but of specification. This car looks handsome and imposing, and it is fitted with some remarkably interesting and handsome body-work. There is included, for instance, a sports car with streamline taper-tailed body capable of extremely high speeds. Nor is its individuality confined to the externals, the chassis bristles with good technical features. Bijur central chassis lubrication, hydraulic braking on internal expanding shoes, a double laminated frame which absorbs vibration and cannot transmit it to the body, Ross cam and lever steering gear, and extremely long flat springs damped by Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers are some of its good points. The concessionaires are Malcolm Campbell (London), 1927, Ltd., Byron House, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.



A Limousine de Ville by Windovers on a Daimler chassis

Lagonda, Stand 124

Although not definitely labelled a speed model, the three-litre Lagonda "Special" which is being shown at Olympia this year for the first time (Stand No. 124) might very well be described as such. In view, however, of the great flexibility of the engine, it is a car which will appeal to the ordinary driver as well as the purely sporting motorist. For, in spite of the very high top gear ratio of 4.2 to 1, it is capable of doing from 5 m.p.h. to 80 m.p.h. on top. On third a speed of no less than 70 m.p.h. is obtainable. The six-cylinder o.h.v. engine has an R.A.C. rating of 19.28 h.p., and a four-speed gear box is fitted, with right-hand change. Representative of the three-litre "Special" range are a four-seater tourer, which sells at £1,000, and a Weymann saloon costing £1,000.



The Alvis Silver Eagle four-seater Sports car

(Continued on page viii)

See How Carew Girth Control Will

REDUCE YOUR GIRTH 3 TO 7 INCHES

Immediately and Lastingly

NEW "Carew Girth Control" Takes Years off Looks and Feelings—A Figure Re-Builder — Improves Health, Energies and Spirits.

NO longer need any man be handicapped by a too-full figure or a weak abdomen or back.

REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATED "CAREW BOOK"—FREE

WRITE for a copy. It reveals what enlarged girth means to a man's appearance, health, energies and spirits. It makes clear, too, how the "Carew Girth Control" secures an immediate and lasting 3 to 7 inches reduction of waist measure—**without effort, dieting, medicine or exercise.**

CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

—Your Figure and Your Fitness.
—The Weakest Part of Your Body.
—Life and Health Dangers of an Enlarged Waist Measurement.
—Beware of the Flesh-Forming Habit.
—Physical Training Without Straining.
—How to Avoid Rupture and Appendicitis.
—Poise and Power.
—Natural Re-Positioning of Vital Organs and Health Benefits.

FAMOUS PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

are recommending "Carew Girth Control." Wearers are delighted with it.

Dr.——, M.D., writes: "I can play my round of golf now without being so fatigued as I used to be."

MAKE THIS PERSONAL TEST:

CLASP hands under lower abdomen and lift. Note the weight and the strain upon prolapsed internal organs, and indirectly upon the heart, lungs, nerves, energies and health. The "Carew Girth Control" maintains support without effort. Think what that means to your appearance, health, strength, physical and mental powers and activity.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

H. W. writes: "I was persuaded to give a full trial to the Carew belt, and the result is literally astounding. The support and feeling of security are a real boon and most invigorating."

A West of England gentleman writes: . . . "I have nothing but praise for the Carew, and I have not been in better health for a number of years. In the first two weeks my measurements were reduced 6 inches, and I am very delighted. I have advised many of my friends here whom you have now supplied, and they have nothing but praise of them."

HEALTH-INJURING EFFECTS CORRECTED

AMONG the many health-injuring effects created and maintained by an enlarged, sagging, ungainly abdomen that "Carew Girth Control" is recommended by the Medical Profession to correct effectively are:

—SHORTNESS of BREATH.
—HEART PALPITATIONS and STRAIN.
—TIRING too QUICKLY.
—DISINCLINATION for EFFORT.
—DIGESTIVE SLUGGISHNESS.
—INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, ACIDITY.
—FLATULENCE and CONSTIPATION.
—RUPTURE and APPENDICITIS RISKS.
—BRAIN FAG, NERVE WEAKNESS.

A NEW LIFE OF VIM AND VIGOUR

awaits every too-stout man who wears a "Carew." The vital strength and energies now wasted under strain of overweight and oversize are conserved and made available for the duties and pleasures of living. Professional and business men gain an increase of their ability, and achieve greater success in all their affairs.

WHETHER you are just commencing to get too much flesh or are already overburdened at the waist-line—you are welcome to a copy of the illustrated "Book of Carew Girth Control"—but send for it without delay.

NO DIETING
,, DRUGS
,, EXERCISES
CALL or WRITE for FREE BOOK.

The second illustration shows the IMMEDIATE AND LASTING Figure Improvement. See Free Book.

Write, phone or call for Free Illustrated Book

CAREW (M.B.), REMO HOUSE

(Telephone: Langham 4335.) Between Oxford Circus & Queen's Hall

310-312. REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

HEALTH & SUNSHINE BECKON YOU TO EGYPT

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO

A modern hotel standing in its own grounds. Beautiful suites of apartments. Large gardens, Restaurant and Grill Room.

CONTINENTAL-SAVOY HOTEL, CAIRO

In the centre of the town, overlooking the Opera Square and the Esbekieh Gardens. Excellent cuisine.

LUXOR HOTEL, LUXOR

A luxurious modern hotel, providing excellent accommodation at very reasonable rates. Centre of great archæological interest.

MENA HOUSE HOTEL (PYRAMIDS) CAIRO

A veritable Oriental palace. At the foot of the great Pyramid on the border of the Libyan desert. All sports.

Health - giving sunshine, invigorating and steady—you are sure of it in Egypt, where, among unique scenery and picturesque surroundings, the amenities of modern life and the mysteries of an ancient civilisation combine to offer the most alluring, the most romantic and the most satisfying holiday - making in the world. If you seek renewed health, if you desire sport, or the luxury of magnificently equipped hotels, or the archæological interest of a country abounding in ancient monuments and relics of a past civilisation—go to Egypt!

Interesting and beautifully illustrated Brochure on Egypt and its many attractions may be obtained on application to L. Suter, Esq., Secretary General, Egyptian Hotels, Ltd., Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.

SEMIRAMIS HOTEL, CAIRO

A palace of comfort and luxury in unrivalled situation. Commanding magnificent views of the Nile and surrounding country.

GRAND HOTEL, ASSOUAN

Situated on the banks of the Nile, in one of the most beautiful spots in Egypt.

WINTER PALACE, LUXOR

Situated on the banks of the Nile, within easy reach of the Valley of the Kings. One of the finest hotels in Upper Egypt.

CATARACT HOTEL, ASSOUAN

Built on granite foundations, above the river level, in dry surroundings and invigorating air.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, CAIRO

A popular new family hotel recently opened in the centre of the town. Every modern luxury and convenience, including private bath for every room. Excellent cuisine. Exceptionally reasonable rates.

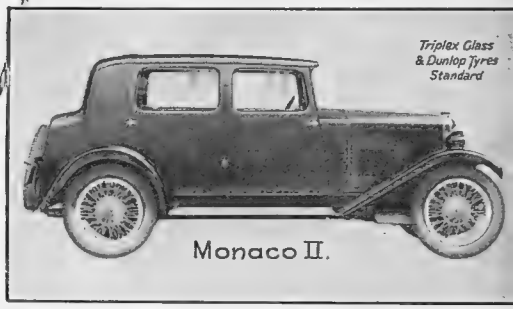
OPENING THIS YEAR—HOTEL AND SHOOTING PAVILION

A new hotel is shortly being opened in FAYOUN PROVINCE, which is one of the most picturesque parts of Egypt. Also a Shooting Pavilion on the shores of LAKE KAROUN. This is a salt lake in the neighbourhood of FAYOUN, and offers excellent facilities for shooting and fishing. Ideal for sportsmen.

HELOUAN

The only place near Europe where balneological treatment can be obtained during winter months in a summer climate. The Bathing and Thermal Establishment, on one floor level, is equipped with the most modern apparatus and appliances. Separate sections for ladies and gentlemen, European masseurs and resident medical staff. Helouan —Egypt's premier health resort—stands on high ground close to Cairo. The Grand Hotel offers everything necessary for the comfort of invalids, and special arrangements can be made for diet attendance, massage and other forms of treatment. Golf on finest sand links in the world. Tennis and dancing.

The Car that's set all the World talking



Those tongues which Milton wrote about—"that syllable men's names on sands and shores and desert wildernesses" are still in active operation, for human tongues will always spread the fame of anything they deem worth while and—all the World to-day is talking of "The Wonder Car"!

You will have heard them—you will have decided probably to test the justice of the eulogies which you have listened to, and—

Olympia is YOUR opportunity!

Here for all the World to see—here at

STAND 86

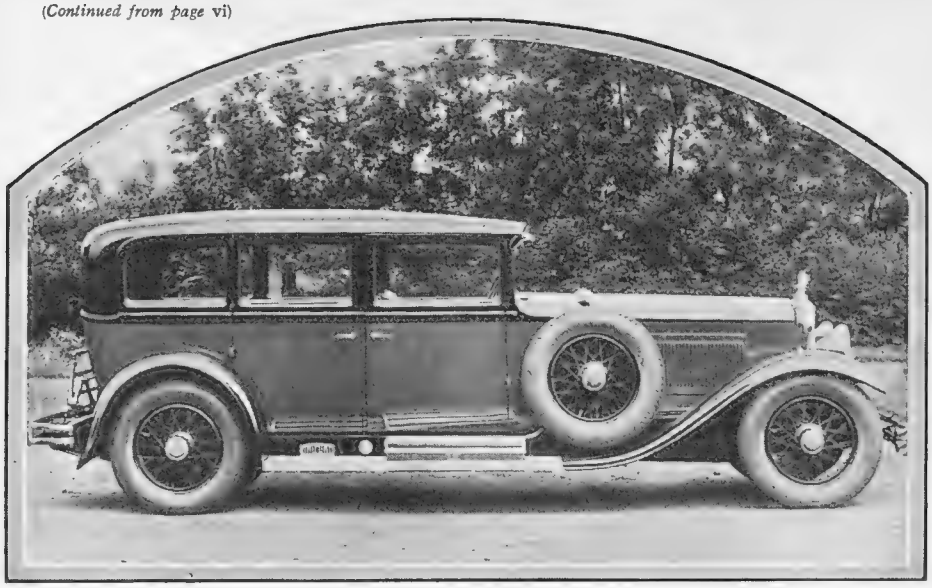
you will find a representative display of the "9" and its bigger brother—the Riley 14 h.p. Six Cylinder—here you will be welcomed by men who have watched its rise to world-wide fame—who are enthusiastic in its cause, who have MORE than the "sales sense"—who regard service after sale as of equal importance to the sale itself, and—

Who will gladly introduce you to the

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD COVENTRY. 42 Nth. Audley St. LONDON, W.1.

(Continued from page vi)



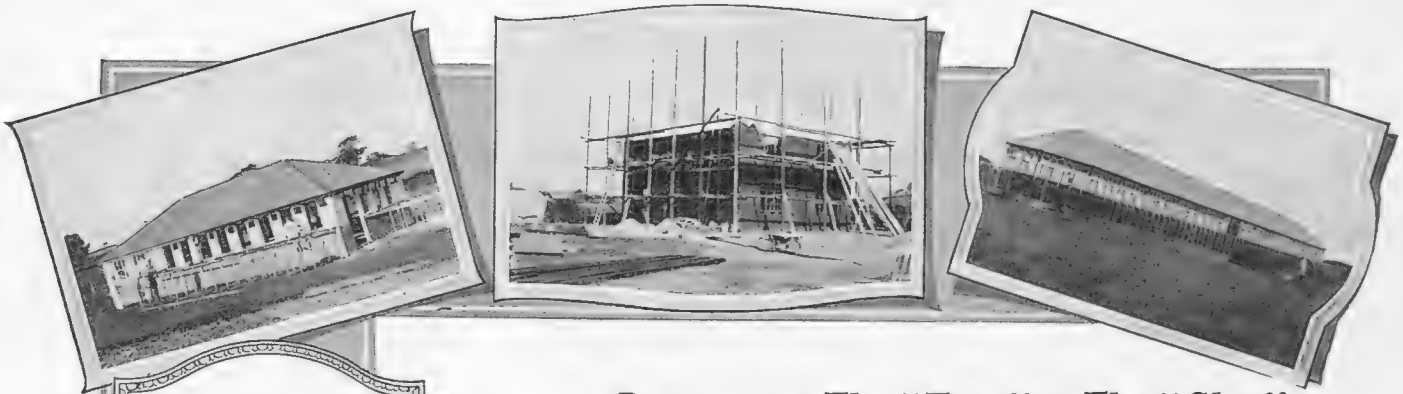
One of the new 40 h.p. Straight Eight Minervas

Triumph, Stand 19 Although the specification of the well-known Triumph Super-Seven is generally similar to that of 1929, this year's cars show a marked improvement in appearance. The most noteworthy change, of course, is in the radiator design. This is now higher than in the past, and its appearance is greatly enhanced by the narrow chromium-plated shell which surrounds it. The seven models which are being shown at Olympia (Stand No. 19) include a two-seater de luxe, a Gordon England saloon, a de luxe fabric saloon, a coupé, a coachbuilt saloon, a Tickford sunshine saloon, and a landaulet. Of these, perhaps the most interesting is the landaulet, for it is an altogether new departure for a car of this size. Two wide doors allow access to the front bucket seats and to the occasional tip-up seats in the rear, while the rear portion of the head folds back in the true landaulet style. It is priced at £197 10s. The Tickford saloon, costing £215, is another interesting model. While the sliding roof is very popular there are obvious advantages in one which opens completely, and this is found on the Triumph Tickford saloon, the head of which can be wound back in a few seconds, giving a full touring car effect.

Marquette, Stand 11 Two examples of the Marquette, the new car introduced by General Motors, Ltd., in their 1930 programme, are to be seen on Stand No. 11. It is a six-cylinder of 23.4 h.p., and is built by the Buick people. No fewer than seven styles of bodywork are available on this new model, the cars shown at Olympia being a four-door saloon costing £375 and a four-door fabric saloon with a Hoyal body listed at £395. The latter has a luggage trunk at the rear, and is upholstered in leather. The seating is pneumatic cushioned.

Vacuum Oil Co., Stand 464 Though old-time motorists sometimes bewail the "good old days," when every motorist had perforce to be a mechanic, motoring to-day is, in fact, infinitely more scientific than it was. Even the most unscientific motorist realises the importance of correct lubrication both in regard to performance and maintenance. The Vacuum Oil Co. has made a speciality of literature dealing with this subject in their exhibit at Olympia (Stand No. 464). Oiling charts for the various makes of car are available for distribution to inquirers, and also the latest edition of "Current Lubrication."

(Continued on page x)



Pictures show further Totalisator buildings in course of erection on racecourses in different parts of the country.

Racegoers, The "Tote" & The "Chit"

"Chit" betting on the Totalisator is simple, safe and speedy.

Books of "Chits" are obtainable in denominations of £1, £5, £10, £20, £50, and £100 from any branch of most of the leading banks.

At the special "Chit" window of the tote the transaction is soon completed. The clerk takes the book, with instructions as to the amount of the stake desired, either for Win or for a place, and the number of the horse on the card. The Clerk stamps the counterfoil and the middle portion of the "Chit" and the bet is recorded on the Totalisator. Winnings are paid direct to the credit of the successful backer's account by the Board's bankers, so that fraud and theft are obviated.

The Board has already operated Totalisators on the following racecourses:—CARLISLE, NEWMARKET (July Course), LANARK, BOGSIDE, CATTERICK, THIRSK, CHEPSTOW, FOLKESTONE, BATH, GATWICK, AYR, PERTH, HAMILTON PARK, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, KELSO, HAYDOCK PARK, HEXHAM & FONTWELL PARK.

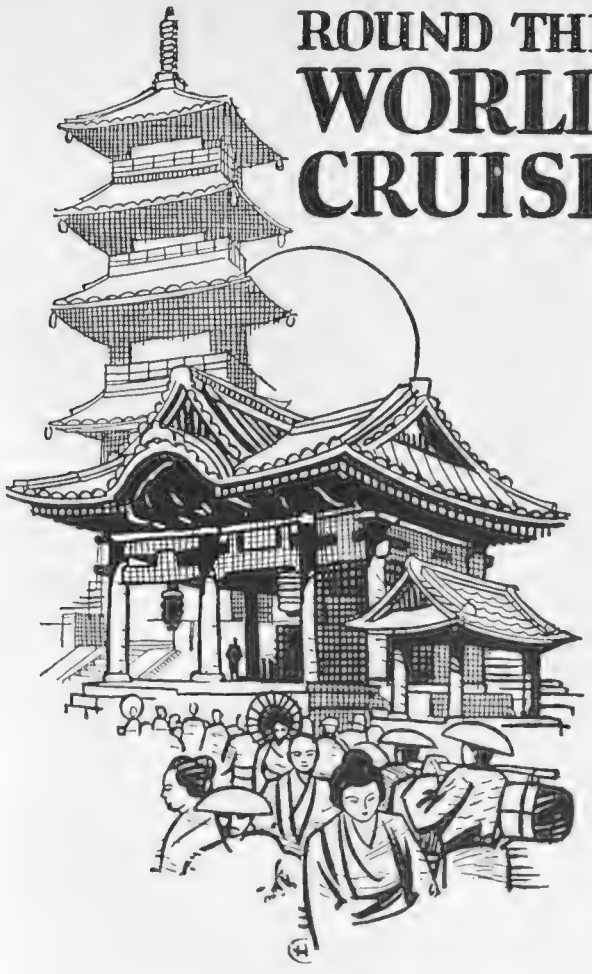
Racegoers using the Totalisator for their bets will benefit:—

CHARITIES, HORSE-BREEDING AND THE SPORT OF HORSE RACING

as the surplus funds derived from the operation of the Totalisator will be devoted by the Board entirely to these objects.

Racecourse Betting Control Board, 33, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE



Countries of the six epochs that explain the world . . . Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, China, Japan. The four cities that round out the cosmopolite . . . Cairo, Calcutta, Shanghai, Peking. The two events that give the deepest thrill . . . Christmas in Bethlehem, New Year's Eve in Cairo. All made into a cruise so skilfully planned that you have 15 days in India and Ceylon, 16 days in China, 10 days through Japan. And still time for Sumatra, Java, Siam, Formosa, and much else.

All the way in the best style the world affords. On land, de luxe special trains, finest available motor cars, celebrated hotels. On sea, the ***Empress of Australia,*** a distinguished ship, 22,000 gross tons . . . with marble bath suites, spacious single rooms, Roman swimming pool . . . from Southampton, November 14, and from Monaco, December 16. From £449, including shore trips.

TWO OTHER FINE CRUISES

THE WEST INDIES

The sun-kissed beauty of coral isles —the pirate-haunted history of the "Spanish Main" — flying fish, humming birds, flowers, colour and always sunshine! Visiting Bermuda, Bahamas, Cuba, Jamaica, Panama, Venezuela, Trinidad, Barbados, Porto Rico and Madeira by S.S.

DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

Sailing from Liverpool, January 21, and from Bristol, January 22.
Fares from £95.

ISLES OF THE BLEST

Strange sights and primitive peoples —tom-tom and desert caravan— the blazing bougainvillea and other tropical flowers—ebony skinned tribesmen from the interior and burnoused Arabs. Visiting Madeira, Senegal, Takorad, The Cameroons, Sierra Leone, Porto Praia Island, Teneriffe, Grand Canary, Morocco, Gibraltar and Lisbon by the S.S.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

Sailing from Liverpool, January 25.
Fares from £95.

Full information is in our Booklet No. 72—or we will gladly send a personal representative. Write to-day to

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World's Greatest Travel System

62 Charing Cross (Trafalgar Square), London, S.W.1; also at Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, Belfast, Birmingham, Manchester, Southampton, Paris and 45 other cities in the British Isles and on the Continent.

"and so to bed"—

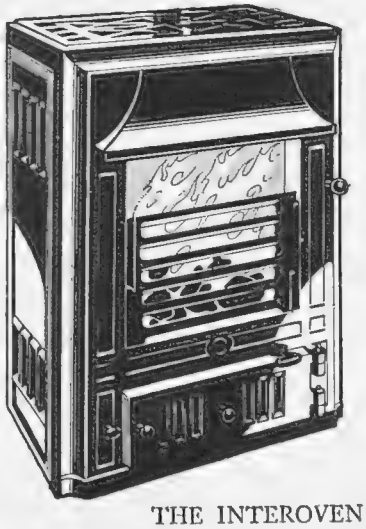
but you'll still have the healthy glow of the "CHEER-EE-O" in the morning!

No modern home can be complete without the "CHEER-EE-O"—the ideal Heating Stove—during the coming winter. Day and night this wonder stove burns any fuel for the small cost of 6d. with perfect ventilation. All the advantages of the open and closed stoves are combined, but without their need for constant attention and their dull and dirty appearance. Beautifully finished this stove gives that tone of comfort to any home, and will last a lifetime.

INSTALL A

Cheer-ee-O

The "LAST WORD" in HEATING STOVES



NOTE THESE ADVANTAGES

(1) The open fire gives perfect ventilation.
(2) Burns continuously day and night for 6d.
(3) Burns any kind of fuel.
(4) No dust or dirt—hence saves labour.
(5) Easily fitted in a few hours.
(6) Choice of colours.

Prices from **£6.6.0** carriage paid

This Stove will heat any room up to 3,000 cubic feet capacity.

Size of Stove
Height: 24 ins. without feet.
Width: 18½ ins. Depth: 12 ins.

Free Coloured Booklet with full particulars will be sent on application to:

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD.
(Dept. 48A) 156 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

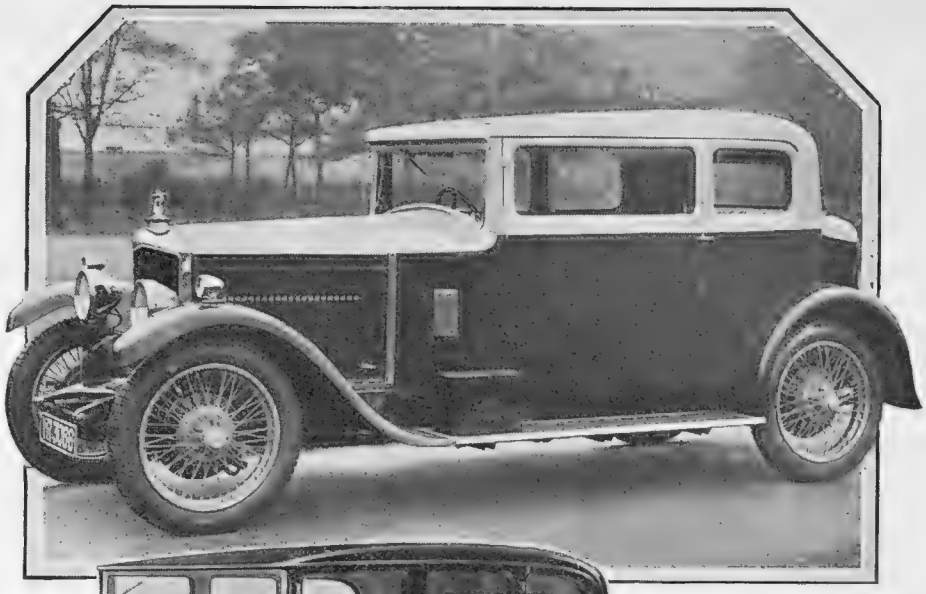
(*Continued from page* viii)

Franklin, Stand 27

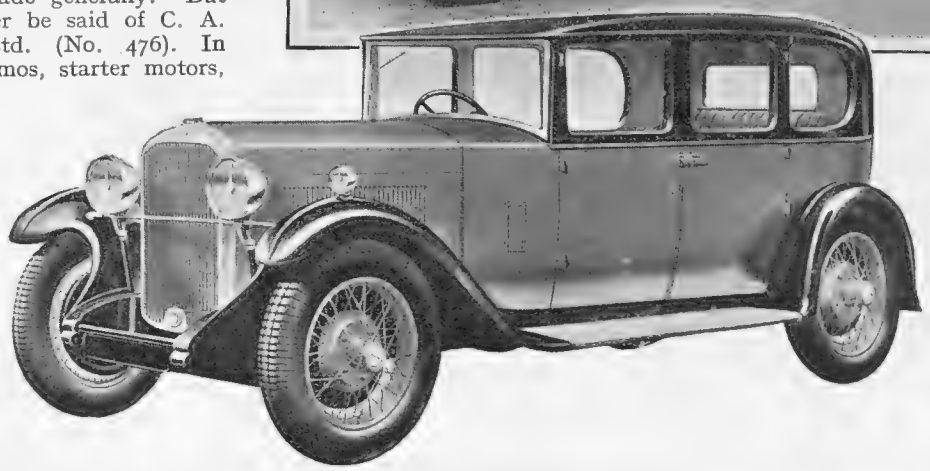
In spite of the numerous obvious advantages of air cooling, especially in countries suffering from extremes of climate, there is hardly any make, except a few small cheap cars of the cycle type, which is not water-cooled. Indeed, among high-grade cars the Franklin air-cooled Six has the field to itself. Apart, however, from their unusual cooling system, the models shown on the Franklin stand (No. 27) at Olympia possess many very attractive features. The system of cooling employed has proved thoroughly satisfactory in actual practice. The sole British concessionaires are Regent Motors, Ltd., 12, New Burlington Street, London, W.1.

C. A. Vandervell, Stand 476

Many of the accessory stands in the galleries are of interest only to manufacturers and the trade generally. But this cannot altogether be said of C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd. (No. 476). In addition to car dynamos, starter motors, coil ignition systems, switchboards and batteries, they show a whole range of accessories of direct interest to the private motorist. Such are their spot lights for saloon interiors, and for inspection purposes their Blue Star head-lamp bulbs and anti-dazzle devices. But even more interesting is the display of Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers and the Luvax-Bijur central chassis lubrication system.



Entirely new Crossley coachbuilt Sportsman's Coupé at £550



The new Humber "Snipe"—a car with a remarkable performance

COFFEE *and then--*

CASTILLON
COGNAC
BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

Willing C.C.20

"THE INVASION"
(Devon and Somerset Staghounds)

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY
LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,
has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY.
REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) .. £3:3:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) .. £1:11:6
The actual size of the print is 15 inches by 10 inches.
Another Devon and Somerset picture after Lionel Edwards (published in the same editions as the above) is—
"TARR STEPS."
(Huntsman, Harbourer and Hounds crossing the Barle.)
To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland registered postage, 1/- extra) from—
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2.

BELL-HOWELL
The Perfect Cine Camera

Booklets on request. Also lists of all Cameras, Binoculars etc., FREE. Ask to see the new FILMO 70-D. Call at any of our Cine Demonstration rooms and see the new Kodacolor process demonstrated.

The CITY SALE & EXCHANGE (1929) LTD
90-94, FLEET STREET, E.C.

ART PHOTOGRAPHS
For Artists, Students, Sculptors, etc.
The "Venus" Series British Camera Studies.

Comprising 100 charming English Girls, ages 16 to 25, posed amid the grand, rugged scenery of the South Coast. Negative print photographs size 8½ × 6½. Price 45/- dozen. Collection (100) £15.15.0. Photo-miniatures (numbered for ordering) 10/-. Catalogue and Specimens 5/-, 10/-, 20/-, 40/-.
Age or profession must be stated.
B. Y. JAMES & CO.,
Burton Chambers, 79/81, London Rd., Liverpool.

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"REPRODUCTION" QUEEN ANNE WALNUT FURNITURE.

Our Furniture is reproduced by hand from old models to suit the particular requirements of each customer. The prices compare very favourably with the mass production article.

GILL & REIGATE LTD.

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King
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A SENSE OF HUMOUR

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On Sale at all Bookstalls Every Friday.

Write for Specimen Copy to the Publisher, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Fish Mousse

THIS may be made in two ways, but the fish must be prepared in the same way for each. It may be either cooked or uncooked. The former takes less time, because it is easier to rub through a sieve, which is the first process. It can then be seasoned, mixed with a good white sauce and one or two eggs, put into small moulds, and poached or steamed in a saucepan and served hot with some delicate sauce. Or the purée of fish may be mixed with equal quantities of béchamel sauce and strong aspic jelly; in this case it is gently cooked in the sauce, rubbed through the sieve, again mixed with the jelly, and served, prettily decorated, in fluted china or paper cases.

Tournedos of Beef

ABOUT 2 lb. of the fillet, cut into eight neat slices, will be sufficient for a fair-sized entrée. Season with salt and pepper, and cook them in about 2 oz. of butter in a sauté pan; turn them frequently after the slices have browned. Put them into an entrée-dish and pour over the fillets some good brown sauce. Garnish with spinach à la crême, and serve.

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

PREPARE three partridges for roasting, wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion which has been boiled in milk, chopped, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Put them in a stewpan with some stock, a piece of onion stuck with three cloves, a slice of lean ham or bacon, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Simmer for an hour, when the birds will be perfectly tender. Take them out and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove, strain the gravy and thicken it with brown roux, add a good tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg, and a dessertspoonful of red currant jelly. Pour the sauce over the birds and serve.

Diner

GRAPE FRUIT OR SLICES OF MELON.

JULIENNE SOUP.

FISH MOUSSE.

TOURNEDOS OF BEEF.
SPINACH. POTATOES.

PARTRIDGES WITH PIQUANTE SAUCE.
SALAD.

JELLIED FRUIT MACÉDOINE.

SARDINE TOASTS OR MUSHROOM TOAST.

COFFEE. LIQUEURS.

Jellied Fruit Macédoine

MASK the inside of a fluted jelly mould with some jelly and decorate the bottom with glacé cherries halved, slices of bananas, and white and black grapes from which the seeds have been removed. Cover each layer of fruit with jelly, and continue this until the mould is filled. When quite set dip the mould in tepid water for a few seconds and turn out.

Sardine Toasts

BONE and mince some sardines, add the yolks of three eggs, 1 oz. of butter, four tablespoonfuls of thin cream, one dessertspoonful each of Worcester sauce and anchovy and a little chili vinegar. Heat slowly, and serve very hot on fried rounds of bread.

Mushroom Toast

PEEL and stalk some small mushrooms; dissolve 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, sprinkle over the mushrooms a dust of cayenne and pounded mace, and let them stew over a gentle fire fifteen minutes. Shake them whilst cooking, then add a small dessertspoonful of flour, and again shake the pan until it is browned a pale colour. Pour in slowly a gill of good gravy, and when the mushrooms have stewed gently for a couple of minutes throw in a little salt and a squeeze of lemon juice, and put them on small rounds of fried bread, having been first slightly hollowed on the outside.

COMPANY COMING ?

Always have a few tins of PENEAU SARDINES on your pantry shelf ready for emergencies. You can always serve PENEAU SARDINES with perfect confidence, knowing that you are giving your guests the best possible. PENEAU SARDINES come only from the coast of France —the home of the choicest sardine. The name PENEAU has been known and trusted for generations—the quality never varies.

PENEAU SARDINES *in olive oil*

FAMOUS FOR OVER ¾ OF A CENTURY · ESTD 1844

DYSPEPTICS BENEFIT

Doctor's China Tea is a real boon to dyspeptics as being a delicious tea that they can drink without fear. Doctor's China Tea cannot be injurious, for it is entirely free from excess of tannin. In actual fact all invalids benefit by taking it, and doctors thoroughly recommend it.

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Priced at 3/- and 3/8 per lb., a super quality at 4/2 per lb.

¼lb SENT FREE

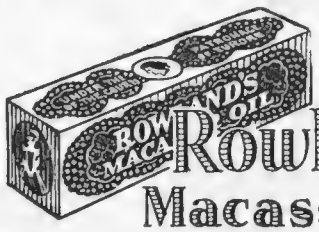
Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing for a 2-oz. packet of each o. the 3/- and 3/8 blends (i.e. ¼lb. in all) absolutely FR E. A 2-oz. packet of the super 4/2 blend will also be enclosed on receipt of an additional 6d.

HARDEN Bros. & LINDSAY Ltd. Dept. 131, 30/34, Mincing Lane, E.C.3

Thinning hair

is often due to lack of natural oil which should be supplied from the roots. The best method of supplying the deficiency is by means of Rowland's Macassar Oil—the steady favourite of 136 years. It supplies the oil, stimulates the growth and nourishes the hair.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/3, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.



Rowland's Macassar Oil

JH&CO BM2

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

BURGESS' ANCHOVIES ON TOAST

BURGESS' RECIPE

Spread some fingers of toast with butter. Take some **Burgess'** filleted Anchovies in Oil and just press the oil off them with a clean cloth. Have some hard-boiled yolk of egg, which has been passed through a sieve, ready. See that the toast is hot, and just before serving place two fillets on each piece of toast and cover with the egg.

N.B. On no account heat the Anchovies.

THE ORIGINAL ANCHOVY FIRM ESTABLISHED 1760

SEND FOR THE NEW

DEXA Handbook of Exclusive Toys and Games etc.

Enclosing 2d. to cover postage, etc., to SEELIG PUBLICITY SERVICE (D.A.11), 23, White Street, Moorfields, E.C.2.

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Twice Niagara's Size ~ Surpassing her Beauty!

See them in comfort

Luxurious steamers carry you to Africa. Trains with every modern convenience make light of the distance into Rhodesia's romantic heart. Surrounded by virgin forest, a beautiful, modern hotel stands on the brink of the gorge below the Victoria Falls.

Southern Rhodesia

offers sport, glorious scenery, unlimited sunshine. Come, revel in this African paradise.

Tourist Agencies have details.

HURCULACES

The LACE WITH THE EXTRA LONG WEAR

No. 40 FOR 4d. PER PAIR

LUCKY FOR BOOTS

No. 40 for 4d. per pair is a lace of silk finish, extra strength, made in all styles for ladies' and men's boots and shoes, ordinary or invisible eyelets.

OTHER QUALITIES:

No. 30 for 3d. per pair, extra super glacé yarn.
No. 10 for 2d. per pair, strong glacé yarn.

YOU NEED HURCULACES IN YOUR BOOTS & SHOES.

Made in England and obtainable from the leading Boot Shops.

Manufactured by FAIRE BROS & CO., LTD., LEICESTER.

When replying to advertisements please mention

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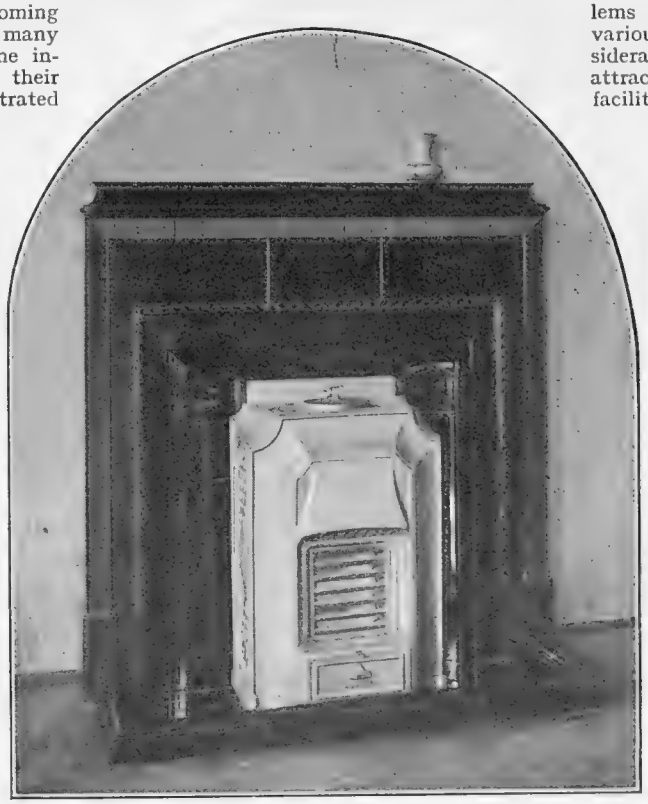
THE EDITOR'S BOX

Economical Warmth

With the first chill tang in the autumn winds comes the thought of the welcoming warmth of one's own home. The many advantages of anthracite stoves become increasingly evident year by year, and their popularity grows proportionately. Illustrated on this page is the "Chaudesse" stove, which is manufactured by Smith and Wellstood, in whose showrooms at 11, Ludgate Circus, it may be seen. It has been specially designed to burn anthracite peanuts—those small pieces broken off in the production of walnut size anthracite, which have hitherto been used exclusively for industrial purposes on account of their cheapness. The stove, which is made in plain metal, polished metal, or enamelled metal, fits in front of an ordinary fireplace, has an open front, and burns continuously, one filling lasting the whole day.

"Duggie" and the Tote

As was only to be expected, the advent of the Totalisator not only resulted in a considerable mix-up as far as the regulation of the odds was concerned, but thereby frightened many nervous layers. However, it is interesting to note that one firm of turf accountants displayed no hesitation in connection with the new style of betting, and immediately the new machine appeared on the racecourse Douglas Stuart informed all his clients that they could bet either at starting price or Parimutuel odds, and he gives far more liberal terms in the latter style of betting than do other firms. Commissions are now accepted with no limit at racecourse tote prices for single events, and one can back to win and place or places only. "Duggie" is renowned for the liberality of his terms and scrupulous fairness to all his clients, and, as everyone knows, he is as safe and as reliable as the Bank of England.



The Chaudesse Stove, which has been specially designed by Messrs. Smith and Wellstood to burn anthracite peanuts and is as attractive as it is economical

Southern Schools

The choice of a school is one of the problems that is always being overcome—after various factors have been taken into consideration. Every school has some special attraction, but all do not have the same facilities. Distance and inaccessibility are two drawbacks to many schools, but not to those who have the advantage of being on the Southern Railway. A fast train from London will reach the farthest in an incredibly short time, and for children returning to school there are no such things as full fares. Then, too, there are other schools farther afield, across the Channel, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and the Southern Railway is the means by which one may reach them. A copy of "Southern Schools," issued by the Southern Railway, may be had on application.

A British Metal Discovery

Metallurgical research has gone yet a step further in this country in producing a new metal called "Viceroy Gold," which combines all the wearing qualities and appearance of real gold. The go-ahead firm of Carreras, Limited, have sponsored the entire output of the inventors for the cigarette industry, and they now offer to smokers of their "Black Cat" cigarettes a beautifully made cigarette case for 125 coupons. They offer also an excellent range of toilet articles in "Viceroy Gold." The great advantage that "Viceroy Gold" has over other reproduction gold is that it is free from plating or colouring, and if cleaned in the same manner as real gold it will keep its resemblance.

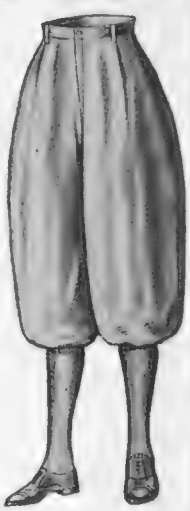
YOUR WINTER HOLIDAY
(SEASON BEGINS NOVEMBER 1st.)
Luxurious 3½ days' voyage. 20,000 ton steamers. Union-Castle Line weekly, R.M.S.P. and Blue Star Line fortnightly. Booth Line monthly **NO DUST, NO MUD. Ensure comfort by booking early. Come for Christmas.** Drink "Madeira." THE fashionable dessert wine. Ideal at 11 a.m. lunch or dinner.

Modern delights amid sunshine and flowers
MADEIRA
The Atlantic Flower Garden
TENNIS, SEA-BATHING, DANCING, CASINO, Etc. First Class Hotels.
Free Pamphlet and profusely illustrated 50-page booklet in colours from THOS. COOK & SON LTD *(Agencies everywhere)* *Post free 8d.*

OBESITY
THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men and women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength, and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd. Leicester (Box 98)

Cuticura Soap
WORLD-FAMOUS FOR DAILY TOILET USE
THE every-day use of **Cuticura Soap**, assisted by occasional applications of **Cuticura Ointment**, when required, is your best insurance against skin troubles. They not only cleanse and purify, but also enhance and preserve the natural qualities of the skin and hair.
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s 6d.
Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold everywhere.
For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner Street, London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

GOLF
Sports Coat and Plus Fours from 5 Guineas To Order.
Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application



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New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE
Tel. Regent 3104. Near Oxford Circus.
Formerly of 219, Oxford Street, London W.1.

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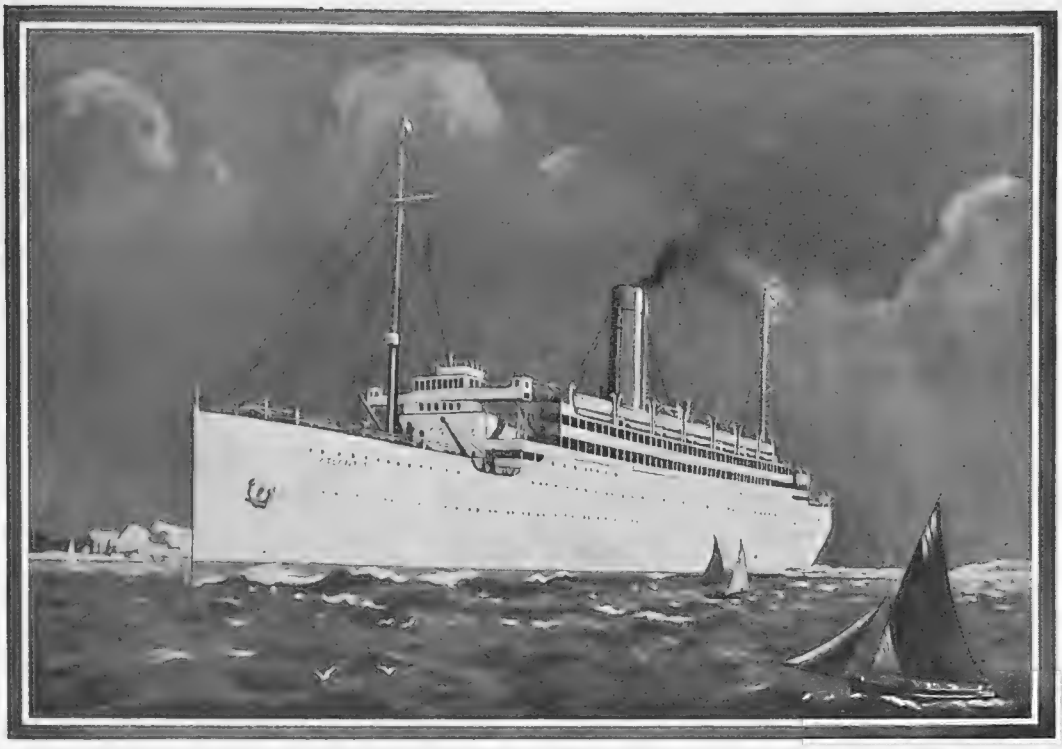
WOLVERHAMPTON
and
139-141 CANNON ST. LONDON. E.C.4
Catalogue Free

IRON & STEEL FENCING & GATES

WELCOME ALWAYS KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S *Morella* CHERRY BRANDY

R·M·S·P "ATLANTIS" THE LATEST OCEAN CRUISING STEAMER

R·M·S·P "ATLANTIS" THE LATEST OCEAN CRUISING STEAMER



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LATEST OCEAN-CRUISING STEAMER

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16,000 TONS GROSS 23,000 TONS DISPLACEMENT

THE LARGEST STEAMER IN THE WORLD SOLELY DEVOTED TO CRUISING

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Miss Estelle Brody's tribute:—

"I feel I must let you know how very much I appreciate your excellent service and the results when my clothes are returned from you, in every way perfect. I have no hesitation in recommending the firm of Achille Serre to all my friends."

Estelle Brody

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S. 20

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SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Little Girl's Coat *made from suede velour embroidered with wool in contrasting shades. In Brown only.*

Size 18 *inch,*	*Price*	***79/6***
„ 20 „	„	***84/6***
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Cap *to match, Price* ***35/6***

The length of coats is quoted from centre front.

GLOVE WEEK—OCTOBER 21-26
Best French Washable Kid *with fancy cuff, in Beaver, Fawn or Pastel, embroidered with contrasting shades.*
Specia Price ***11/9***

Let the "Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE" and "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

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A SURE PREVENTATIVE AGAINST 'FLU AND COLDS

VERPINE every Room - every Day
and inhale a delightfully aromatic germ-free atmosphere.

TRIAL OFFER
Sufficient VERPINE to make 50 pints. Post Free 4/6

COMPLETE OUTFIT
Comprising: 10in. beautifully Nickel-Plated Verpine Vaporiser and one Pint of Verpine, sufficient to make 50 pints of fragrant Pine odour disinfectant. *PRICE POST FREE* **20/-**

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SEND YOUR ORDER NOW.

Make a special point of writing for Free Descriptive Verpine Booklet. Write NOW.

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THE FRAGRANT DISINFECTANT

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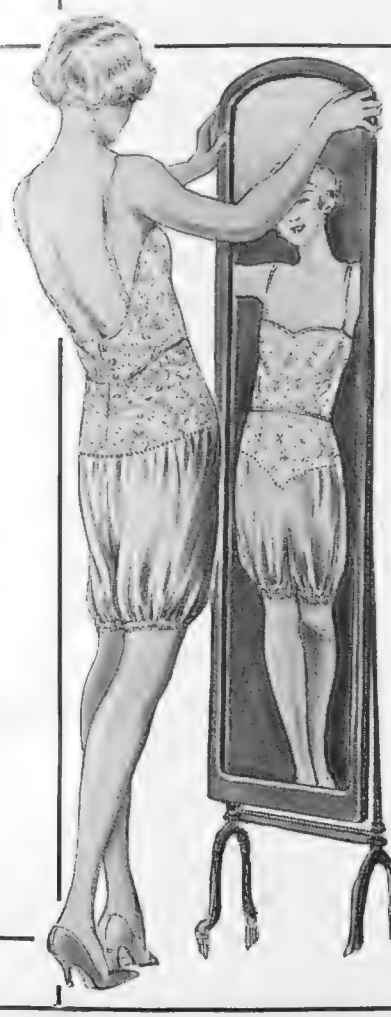

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CAMI - KNICKER
DESIGNED
ESPECIALLY FOR
EVENING WEAR

Charming Backless Cami-Knicker, in lace and Crêpe de Chine, or may be obtained in all Crêpe de Chine. The bodice is shaped to the figure, and acts as a brassière, while the knickers are sleek fitting round the waist and hips and can be had with either open or closed legs. In all good lingerie shades and black.

PRICE
39/6

Sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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The Perfect Motor Coat

THE DUAL BURBERRY

THE DUAL BURBERRY
ON WET DAYS
Gabardine outside, Tweed inside.

Built in two separate materials — Burberry Gabardine one side and fine Wool Coating the other—the Dual Burberry supplies the services of two distinct coats—

OVERCOAT FOR FINE DAYS AND WEATHERPROOF FOR WET

and is instantly converted from one to the other by simply turning the coat inside-out.

The dominant characteristics of the Dual Burberry are luxurious warmth, combined with perfect

PROTECTION IN EVERY KIND OF WEATHER

Rain, wind, cold and dust all fail to penetrate it, yet, notwithstanding this, it ventilates naturally and is entirely free from burdensome weight.

THE DUAL BURBERRY
ON FINE DAYS
Tweed outside, Gabardine inside.

FOR MOTORING, OR EVERYDAY USE IN TOWN OR COUNTRY

the Dual Burberry is incomparable, either as a Weatherproof or as an Overcoat, and at the same time it is an economical investment, in that it provides

TWO OVERCOATS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Mention of THE BYSTANDER will bring Catalogue illustrating the Dual and other Burberry Overcoats and patterns of Burberry-proofed Coatings for the Autumn and Winter months.

BURBERRYS *Ltd.* HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

RELIABLE STOCKINGS
FOR COUNTRY WEAR

FANCY SPUN SILK HOSE in a smart and becoming design suitable for country wear. In an excellent range of grey, brown, beaver, tan, and other colourings.

Price **11/9** per pair.

FANCY WOOLLEN HOSE in a new jacquard design, fully fashioned, comfortable for country wear. In a variety of grey, brown and fawn colourings.

Price **8/11** per pair.

FANCY WOOLLEN HOSE in an attractive ribbed effect, fully fashioned. In a good range of tweed colourings.

Price **6/6** per pair.

Sent on Approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
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CELES
Latest Models

CELES
NEW MODEL

Celes registered name is on every garment—a guarantee thatit is a genuine Celes Model.

Obtainable at the Leading Houses.

CELES REGD PURE SILK

Overblouse with stitched front and finished with glass buttons. Made in a variety of two toned effects.

"TWO-YEAR-OLD AT A CANTER"
BRONZE BY RENÉ PARIS
Price £21 . 0 . 0

The life and movement in this study of a two-year-old in action are characteristic of the nervous force which marks the work of the brilliant French sculptor RENÉ PARIS. The extreme height of this bronze is 7¼ inches, and it is mounted on a marble base measuring 10 inches long. A work of art for every sportsman.

An example o this and other sporting bronzes can be seen at The Sporting Gallery.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, by whom orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £21 . 0 . 0; packing and postage (Inland) 5/- extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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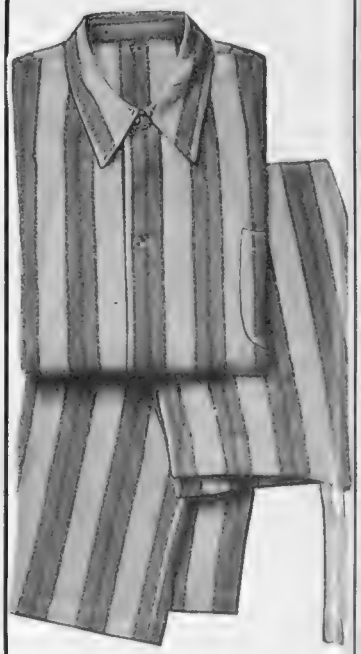
Buy Winter
PYJAMAS
Now



IT'S not a day too early to buy pyjamas for the coming Winter. Cold nights may come suddenly, and after such an unusually hot Summer those who are unprepared will run the risk of chills. Pure Wool pyjamas are warmest for winter use, so comfortably cosy that there is no risk of being kept awake on the coldest nights.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S range of Wool pyjamas represents the pick of the Winter styles at the most reasonable prices. Three popular qualities are described below.

All-wool Pyjamas, winter weight. Block stripes in Blue, Pink, Helio, Gold and Cardinal. Per Suit **21/-**

Pure Wool Pyjamas, winter weight. Beautiful colour effects in Blue, Gold, Helio and Pink. Per Suit **29/6**

Cashmere pyjamas, "The Walton," twill flannel, of medium weight. Exclusive designs in Blue, Gold, Lilac, Green and Orange. Per Suit **39/6**

All Suits in sizes 38 to 46.

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER LTD
156-168, REGENT STREET
LONDON. W.1.

THE "NEW CHESHAM."

Newest Shape Hunting Hat, especially designed *with abbreviated back to Brim for Shingled Heads.* A very smart Hat, in best quality Felt, with Safety Patent Duplex Head Lining. PRICE **35/-**

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved. New Autumn Catalogue now ready, post free.

ROBERT HEATH Ltd.

Only Address: **37 and 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1**

Sloane 3122

Paisleys Navy "Warmnap"

An Ideal Winter Coat for your Girl

A NAVY "WARMNAP" COAT

Illustrated is Paisleys Navy "Warmnap" Coat for Girls—ideal for School and Every-day Wear. It is soundly made in a selected quality of Navy Nap and is as good-looking as it is serviceable.

You may order by Post with confidence—Postage and C.O.D. Charges paid on orders of 20/- and over.

Navy "Warmnap" Coats as illustrated, with all-round belt or with half-belt and pleat. Fitting 8 to 16 years. First Size, **44/-** and **52/-**. Rising 2/- per size.

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SCHOOL VELOURS

The Regulation School Velour Hat illustrated is very smart — not only for School Wear. Available in Black, Navy, Bottle, New Blue, Wine and Harvest.

12/6, 15/6 to 25/-

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LTD.

72–96, JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW, C.1.

The name of Moss Bros. of Covent Garden is a tradition the world over wherever men talk of kit.

Autumn and Winter Overcoats

Now is the time to choose your new Overcoat. At MOSS BROS., the famous House for Ready-to-Wear, the vast range of fine Coats, single or double-breasted, will ensure your complete satisfaction in style, colour, material and perfect fit.

Prices - 5 to 10 Gns.

MOSS BROS & Co LTD

Naval, Military, R.A.F. & General Outfitters

'Phone: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines)

Corner of **KING ST** —and— Bedford St **COVENT GARDEN** (JUST OFF THE STRAND) W.C.2

Wires: Parsee, Rand, London

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ON DEFERRED TERMS

Famous for originating the idea of supplying Good Furs at Reasonable Prices, we are now adding to our fame by our system of Deferred Terms. Good Furs need not be an extravagance if purchased by this method, as they may be paid for in 12 equal monthly payments, at an extra charge of only 5% on usual Cash Prices. Delivery is made on payment of the first instalment.

A particularly smart Coat made of good quality Leopard Skin designed on attractive lines.

PRICE

12½ Gns.

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Art Brochure showing 60 New Season's Models, Post Free on request.

THE NATIONAL FUR CO., LTD

Fur Specialists since 1878

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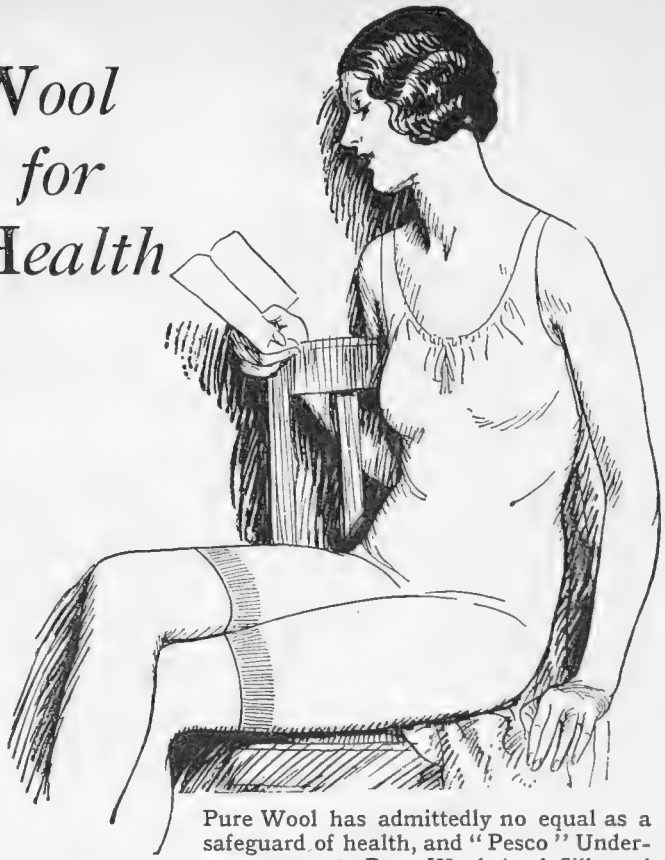

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UNSHRINKABLE "PESCO" FINISH

Obtainable from leading Drapers and Hosiers in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Underwear, also in knitted sports wear and hosiery. In case of difficulty, enquire from the Makers for names of nearest Agents.

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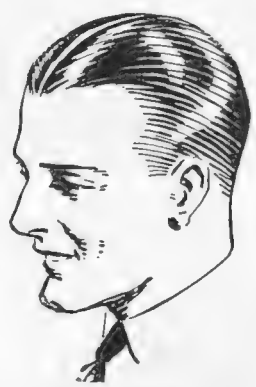
A wise head–

the head that's sleek and smooth all through the day. A little Anzora in the morning is all that's necessary to keep your hair healthy and in good condition. Refuse all substitutes.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores.



ANZORA *Masters the Hair!*

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

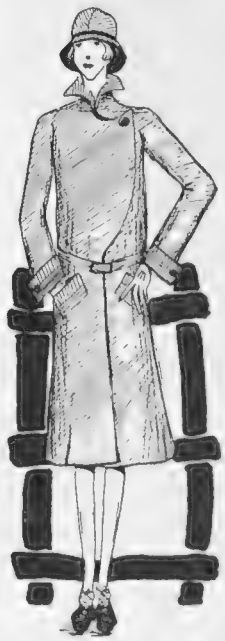
Crissy Bell

for

Country Clothes

and

Stockings



Bernard model coat, proofed for motoring and wet weather, silk lined throughout

9½ Guineas

(in all sizes).

Hat to match, **39/6.**

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FRENCH DESIGN AND CUT BRITISH ATELIER

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Lincoln Bennett

Triple-strength Bowler, fitted with special safety lining 30/-

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD.

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JUMPER SUIT IN STOCKINETTE

Sent on approval.

YOUNG Ladies' Stockinette Jumper Suit, effectively embroidered in contrasting colours, and finished with crêpe de Chine tie at neck. Colours: Nigger, almond, fawn, rust, saxe.
Sizes: 38 and 40 length.

PRICE

6 gns.

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TEA FROCKS

AT MODERATE PRICES

A Delightful Tea Frock in lace of effective design; sleeveless frock over georgette slip with full skirt and two inserted dipping panels at side; shaped waistline with adaptable belt; short coatee with scalloped edge. In black, beige, wine and bottle green and other good colours to order.

PRICE

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Outsize **9½ Gns.**

Catalogue Post Free.

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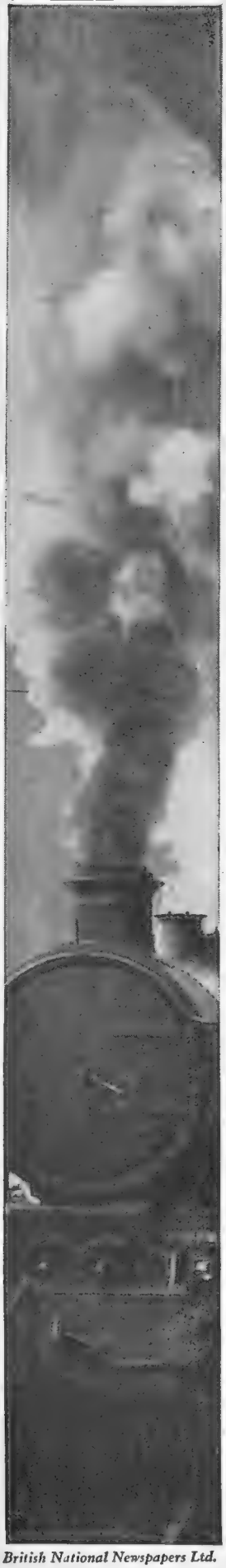

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TO READ IN THE TRAIN

It will last more miles and make the journey seem shorter

Huntley & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN WASHING DRESSES FOR TROPICAL WEAR

Estbd 1889

New Season's WASHING DRESSES FOR ABROAD

Model No. 800.

A DISTINCTIVE style with the new waist line and circular skirt. Fashioned in heavy quality Macclesfield silk and *guaranteed Fadeless* in any climate. In Green, Blue, Red, Mauve, Ivory, etc. Sizes 38 to 44.

63/-

Long sleeves **10/6** extra.

We specialise in smart frocks ***made to measure,*** *and shall be pleased to send patterns and sketches of the latest styles. You may order by* ***post*** *with the utmost confidence, relying on Huntley's guarantee of satisfaction.*

Agents for DEVAL Washing Dresses.

Model No. 800

205, Regent St., London, W.1

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HOTEL COATS

Jumper Department, First Floor.

Handsome Tinsel Brocade Hotel Coat in artistic designs and colourings, black grounds with various contrasting designs, finished with ruched black velvet collar and cuffs and lined crêpe de chine to tone.

PRICE

9½ gns.

Also in moiré velvet, lined crêpe de chine, **12½ gns.**

EMBROIDERED LINGERIE CREPE DE CHINE, fast colours for washing, in a small pompadour design. In pink, peach, flesh, apricot, champagne, yellow, gold, blue, green, ivory and black.

Price **19/6** per yard.

Catalogue post free.

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

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BRONZE BY GUSTAVE MARCHEGAY

Price £5.5.0

This engaging example of MARCHEGAY'S studies of fish in bronze is 4½ inches high at the tail and 5½ inches from nose to tail. It makes a singularly appropriate gift for every fisherman.

An example can be seen at The Sporting Gallery.

Obtainable in this country only from The Sporting Gallery, by whom orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £5.5.0: packing and postage (Inland) 5/- extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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H & M RAYNE LTD

Makers of Beautiful Shoes

152 Regent Street ~~~~ 58 New Bond Street

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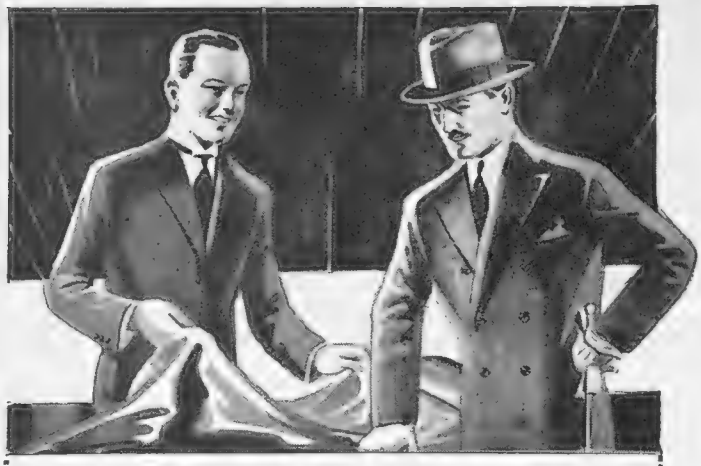

A *material* conversation—

Customer: "Good morning. I want a couple of lounge suits. Just my usual style."

Salesman: *"Yes, sir. I have a number of new cloths . . . . some very fine greys and mixtures. Here are two I specially recommend."*

Having made a selection, the customer is on the point of leaving, when another question enters his mind.

"By the way, what about the Lining? In my last suit, the Lining split under the arms and turned colour."

Salesman: *"I'm sorry to hear that, sir. But although we took a lot of care, it always used to be so difficult to get a really dependable Lining, and——"*

Customer: "*Used* to be?"

Salesman: *"Yes, sir—You see, we have solved the problem now by using only 'COURTINE' LININGS, woven and guaranteed by Courtaulds. They never give the least trouble."*

Customer: "Good—I'll have one to match each suit. I have read that you can get almost any shade. I shall be thankful to have a suit that's sound *inside* as well as *outside*."

For *your* new clothes, ask your Tailor to use

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write direct to the Manufacturers: COURTAULDS, LTD., 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

DISTINCTIVE EVENING SHOES

White and gold floral kid court shoe. L.XV heel, Trimmed gold kid.
69/6

Black crêpe de Chine 1 bar. with inset of black satin. L.XV heel.
63/-

Pastel brocade fancy 1 bar, L.XV heel, trimmed silver kid.
63/-

Tapestry court shoe, trimmed with shaded satin, L.XV heel.
63/-

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

EVERY MAN TO HIS GAME
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Every Sportsman to His Paper

THE UNRIVALLED WEEKLY FOR SPORT AND STAGE

The Illustrated SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

ONE SHILLING EVERY FRIDAY

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THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS, INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Vogue of Artificial Jewellery

Attractive set in rolled gold with jade setting. Including bracelet, earrings and necklet.
Bracelet, **16/6** *Necklet,* **16/6** *Earrings,* **14/6**

Fashionable hat brooch in marcassite,
2 ins. long, **42/-** *2½ ins. long,* **49/6**

Marcassite and emerald ring - - - - - - **35/9**

Lovely pendant in marcassite and emerald with pearl centre - - - - - - - - - - - **59/6**

Ground Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

SWAN & EDGAR LTD *LONDON. W 1* *'Phone' Regent 1616*

PETER ROBINSON

Inexpensive Frocks

(First Floor)

703 *704*

Two graceful Frocks of Wool Georgette. These garments are specially designed for the colder afternoons ; and they are made in various colours.

Sizes : S.W., W. and Full W.

98/- each.

Catalogue of Autumn Fashions sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON LTD., OXFORD STREET & REGENT STREET, W.1.

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COLISEUM (Charing Cross.) ('Phone Temple Bar 3161.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15. Week Commencing October 21st.
J. M. BARRIE'S "HALF AN HOUR" featuring MARGARET BANNERMAN NORMAN McKINNEL; C. V. FRANCE & CO., MOORE & REVEL· TIRANA; ALFRED LATELL, Etc.

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BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES PRESENT
"The INFORMER,"
With LYA DE PUTTI and LARS HANSON.
Also
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CASANI SCHOOL OF DANCING, 90, Regent Street, guarantees to teach you steps of any dance in three private lessons, £1 1s., including Six-eight Foxtrot, Skaters, Waltz, etc. 10 a.m. - 10 p.m. Gerrard 4438-9.

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THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA,
has 100 bedrooms, electric lift, central and electric heating, self-contained suites. A famous chef, best English food and vintage wines add to the general comfort. Inclusive terms from 4½ gns.

BIARRITZ. HOTEL REGINA & DU GOLF
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. DELIGHTFUL IN SPRING AND SUMMER.
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Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
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FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Devoted BOTH to TREATMENT AND RESEARCH.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** for building extensions, the first part of which will be wards for middle-income Patients who can contribute towards their cost.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.
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From Marseilles - - £90
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Only First Class Passengers Carried

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OR ANY PASSENGER BOOKING AGENCY

"REGENT'S OWN" HAND-MADE CIGARETTES
FINEST VIRGINIA GROWN and TURKISH TOBACCOS USED

	25	50	100	
VIRGINIA	2/4	4/6	8/9	POST FREE
TURKISH or EGYPTIAN BLEND	2/10	5/6	10/9	Same Rate.

PERFECT in QUALITY and SIZE
Only from W. J. BLOCK, Brown's Arcade, 92, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
of Knightsbridge. S.W.1.
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DAINTY COAT FOR THEATRE OR HOUSE WEAR

In gold or silver Lame, effectively embroidered in small coloured beads.

Price 98/6

GLOVE WEEK—Oct. 21-26
Elastic Wrist English Chamois *in White and Cream.*
Special Price **6/5**

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Arles (B. du R.).—Grand Hotel du Nord-Pinus. Place du Forum. Remains of Roman Forum. First Class.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev.rm.V.lge.garden.

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Menton. — Hotel de Venise. World-renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny.

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The Commodore. 12 Brd. Haussmann. A step from Opera. Bright and cheerful. 250 rms. 250 baths. Excellent Restaurant.

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Geneva Carlton Hotel. — 1st-class with mod. charges. Beaut. sit. in sunny park. Tennis, Garage. Ideal place for a stay.

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HENRY HEATH LTD
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BY APPOINTMENT

"HEATHER"
(Regd.)
Made in the new Wylfox (Regd.) finished felt, a worthy addition to a very popular series of Sports Hats; it can be rolled for packing without deleterious effect. Shades: Moonstone, Silver, Fawn, Sun Tan, Havana, Cedar, Tabac, Cardinal, Absinthe, Mignonette, Bottle, Milano Blue, Danube, Royal Navy, Black and White. 25/-
A selection of Hats will be sent on approval

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THERE are two reasons why Phyllis Earle can offer you an unexcelled hairdressing service. Firstly, only specially trained experts are in attendance, who, with their many years' experience, are enabled to produce results of unsurpassed beauty. Secondly, the Phyllis Earle Salons are equipped with the most modern scientific improvements, such as silent and fumeless hair-dryers and soft water. Also each Salon has its telephone installed for your use.

Permanent Waving which does not affect the colour or texture of the most delicate hair is also a feature at these Salons, while Inecto recoloration of faded hair, Facial Massage, Chiropody, Manicure and Electrolysis are included in this comprehensive service for ladies.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS
32, DOVER STREET, W.1.
Telephone: — REGENT 7931.

ATTRACTIVE CLOTHES
FOR
SMALL WOMEN'S WEAR

WE have now in stock a large and interesting selection of Coats, Coats and Skirts and Gowns, which have been designed on scientific lines for Small Women's wear, thereby avoiding the extensive alterations that are so often necessary when ready-to-wear garments are purchased.

(Small Women's Section, Second Floor)

SMALL WOMAN'S WELL-TAILORED CLOTH COAT, with large collar, cuffs and flounce of Persian lamb fur, lined crêpe-de-Chine to tone. In navy, green and black. Stocked in three sizes, 39, 40 and 41 ins. entire length.

PRICE
21 Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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By Appointment.
WALPOLES
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Established 1766.

The Latest Autumn Models

await your inspection in our showrooms. If unable to call, please write for a copy of our Illustrated Fashion Brochure; it will be sent post free.

B 1034

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Fashions this new becoming model. The vest and collar, in Beige Georgette, add a further charm. Lovely shades of Bronze, Green or Blue.

8 Gns.

Post Free in British Isles.

Before completing your Tropical Outfit, may we suggest a visit to our showrooms? There you will see a charming assortment of Silk and Cotton Frocks suitable for warm climates.

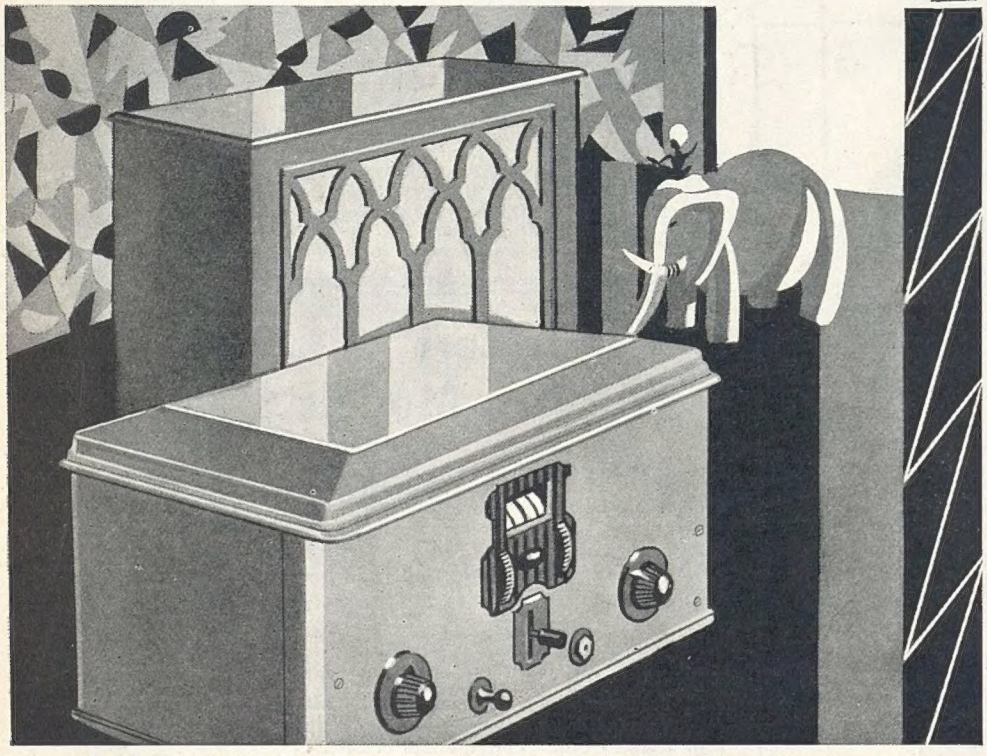
B1034

AMPLION

NOW ENRICH RADIO WITH NEW EXCLUSIVE SETS.

LIMITED PRODUCTION OF ALL-MAINS SETS AT £50 AND BATTERY OPERATED SETS AT £25

Tested and Guaranteed



Radio for the few . .

Amplion Radio Sets have not been made for the man whose mechanical bent is stronger than his love of music. Both the All-mains and Battery operated sets are trouble-free. All you have to do is to switch on and listen.

* * *

We designed them for the Musician, for the man whose lack of mechanical knowledge is compensated by the gift of a finely critical ear. For the man who desires to tune in instantly to the best that wireless has to offer, in full volume, true in power and pitch, without distortion and without trouble. We might have produced an Amplion Radio Set earlier. We were urged to do so by many Amplion Speaker users. But we waited until developments had made this Radio ideal a reality.

. . . . . An Exclusive Market

Careful adjustments and exhaustive testings impose a strictly limited output. Only comparatively few of these de luxe Amplion Sets will be availab e.

. . . . . Amplion "Lion" Speaker . . .

It is natural to find a certain affinity between the Amplion Radio Sets and Amplion "LION" Speakers, which is conducive to the very best results. Amplion "LION" Speakers are obtainable at prices from £6 to £16.

Amplion Standard and Junior Speakers from 21/- to £4 17s. 6d.

. . . . . Amplion Deferred Terms

All Amplion Equipment to the value of £8 or over may be obtained on convenient terms of payment. Full details will be supplied on request by any Amplion Dealer.

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25/26 Savile Row, W.1 · Works: SLOUGH

VIVID...HUMAN...TRUE..

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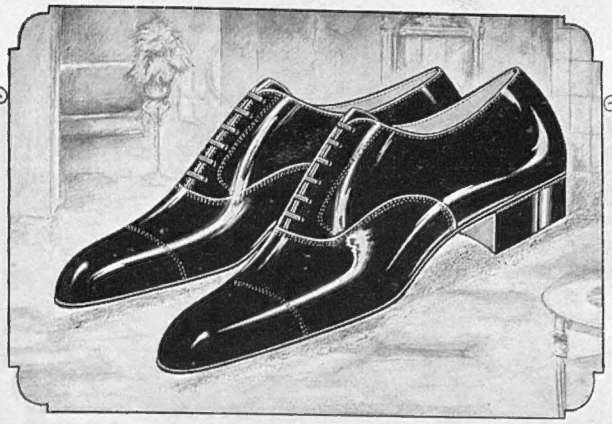

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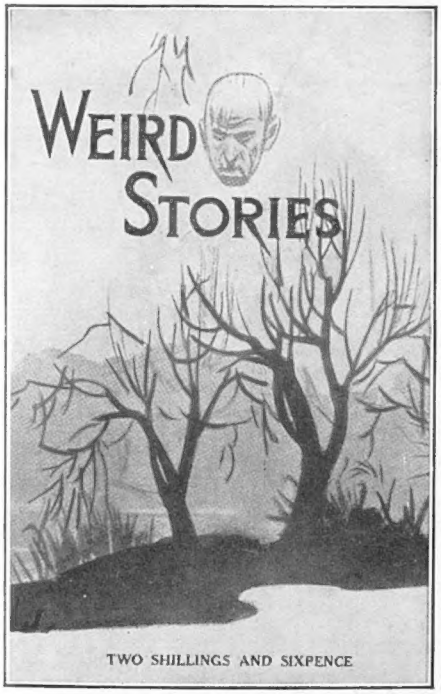

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